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Detective COMICS

10¢



DETECTIVE COMICS

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

Editor and Publisher

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

F. WHITNEY ELLSWORTH

Associate Editors

Dear Fans:-

Here's the latest issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, chock-full of exciting stories about your favorite comic-strip heroes.

SLAM BRADLEY has to become a human fly to get his man, and his little pal, Shorty, has plenty of grief with another little chap, Snoop, who wants Shorty's job as Slam's assistant.....

BRUCE NELSON, who thrilled you in "THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON," is up against a brand new set of adventures in this issue.....

SPEED SAUNDERS breaks up a criminal-political ring.....

LARRY STEELE comes to the end of the trail in his long fight with the weird, whole-sale kidnapping ring.....

BUCK MARSHALL, the cowboy detective, again rides the range in a relentless battle against crime and violence.....

COSMO, the most unusual detective of the American continent, rubs shoulders with Death in the radio-studio murders.....

For comic-relief, giggle at THE JOHNSON MYSTERY, and then see if you don't say that DETECTIVE COMICS is the biggest package of real, honest-to-goodness cartoon thrillers that you ever saw.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS

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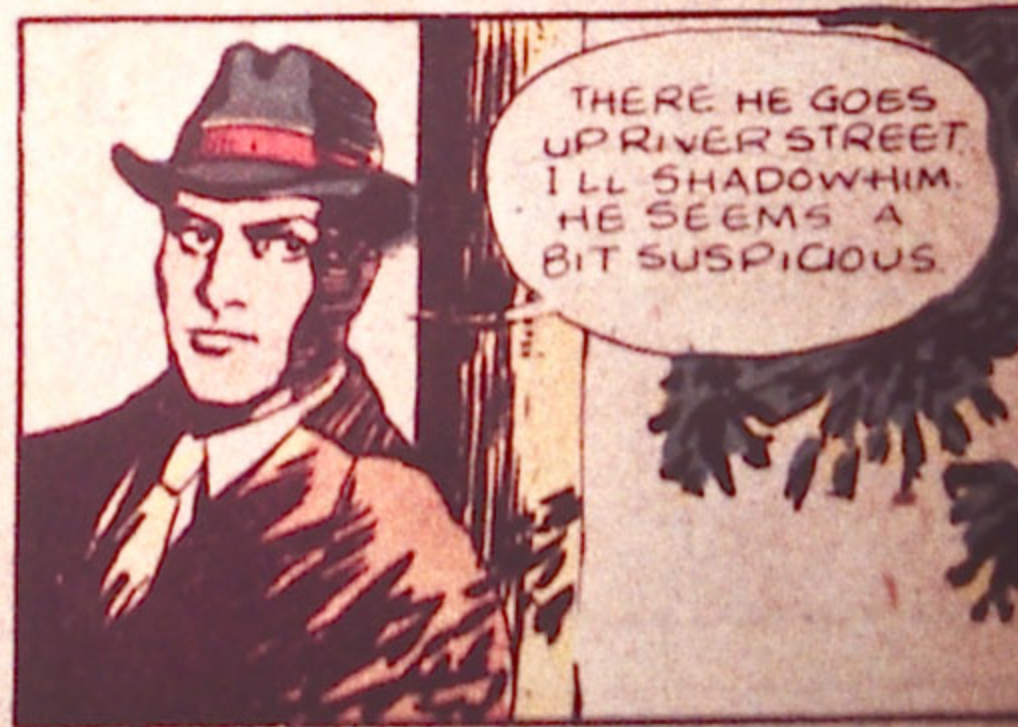
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SPEED SAUNDERS

• BY CREIG FLESSEL •



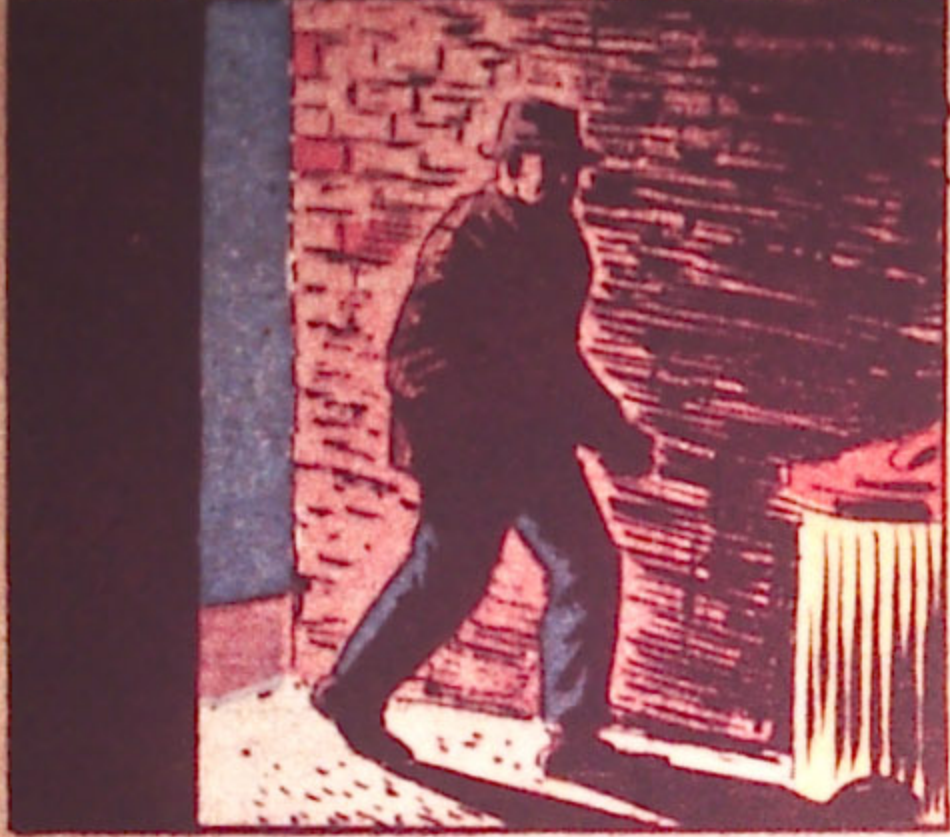
HM-M.
IM JUST
A POOR OLD
MAN. COPS
WONT BOTHER
ME



THE OLD MAN SHUFFLES INTO HIS DINGY ROOM
AND OPENS A DRAWER IN HIS DRESSER. HE
TAKES OUT A SMALL LEATHER BAG —



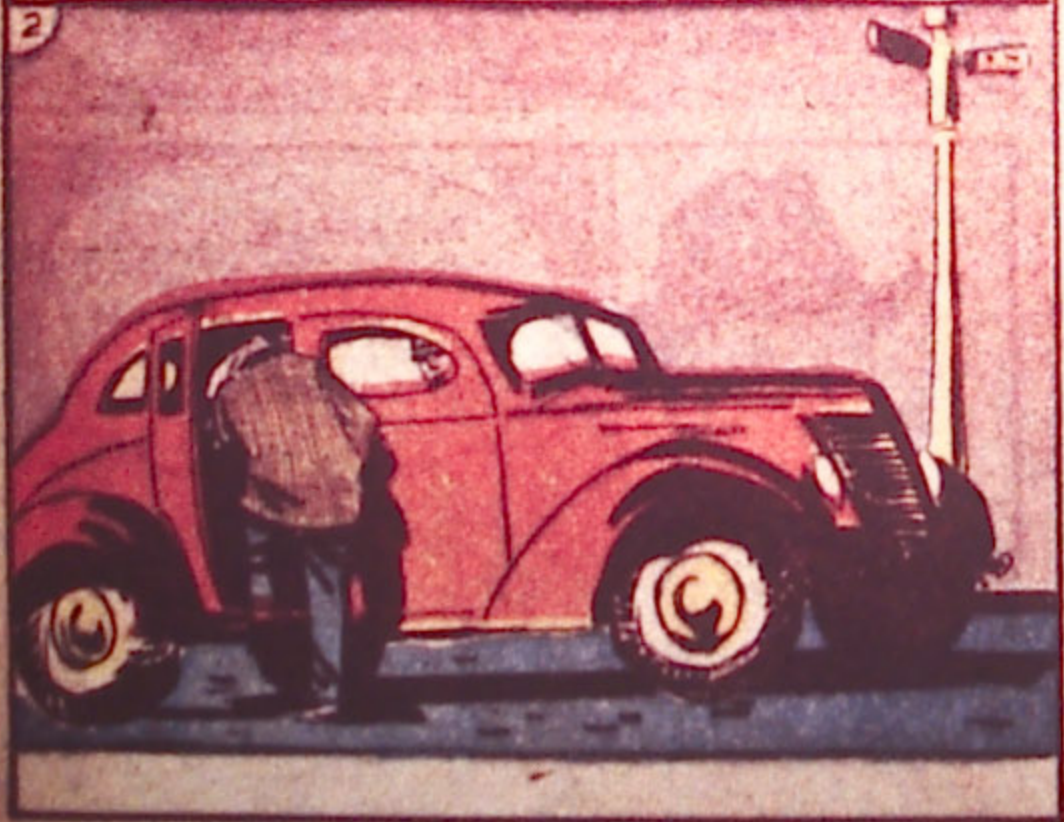
HE GOES STEALTHILY DOWN A BACK
ALLEY CARRYING THE LEATHER BAG.



SPEED WATCHES
HIM FROM UNDER
COVER

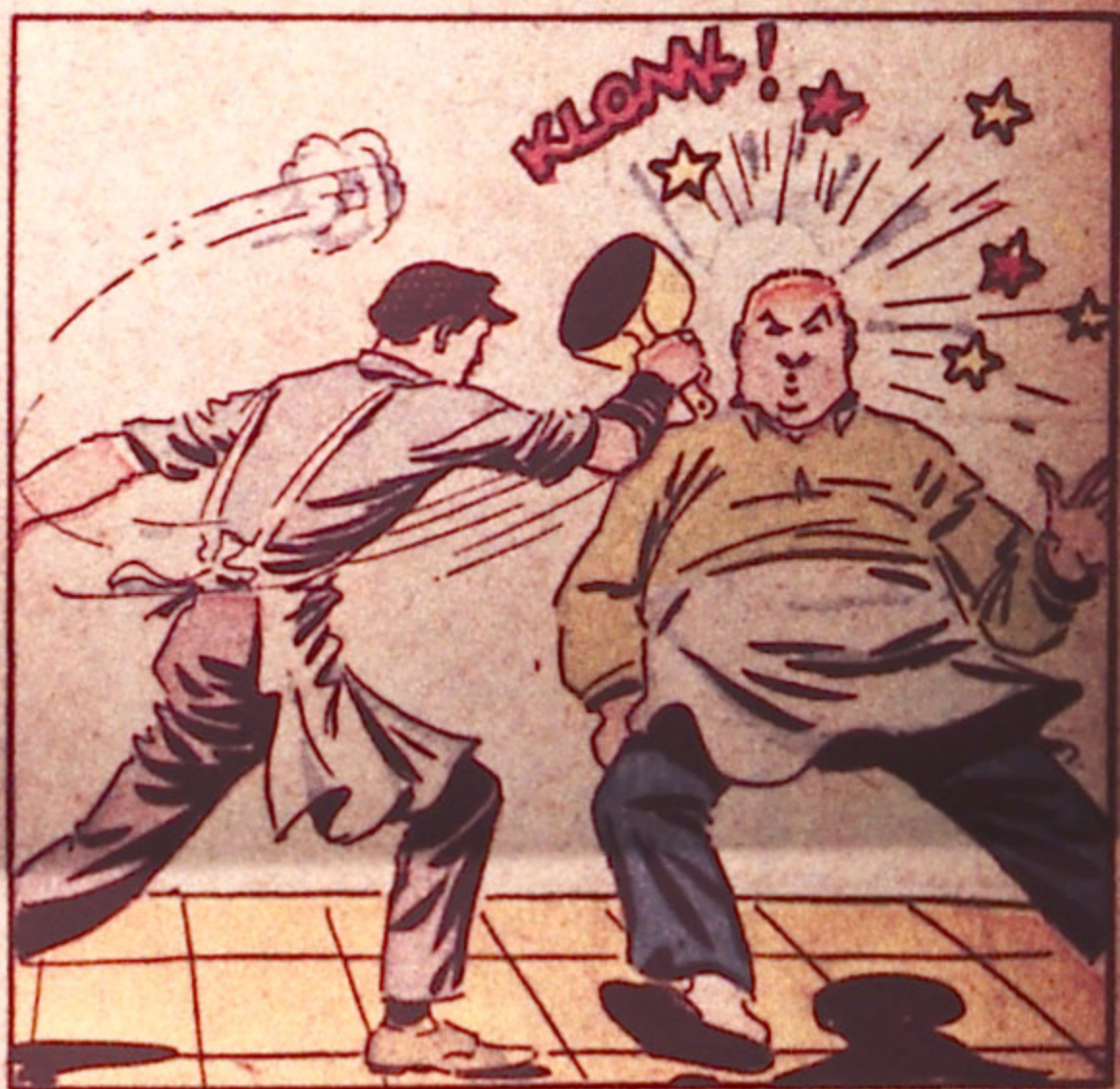


CASTING A FURTIVE GLANCE OVER HIS
SHOULDER, HE CROSSES THE STREET
AND GETS INTO A SHINY NEW SEDAN.



THAT WAS MIKE MOLONA, THE
RACKETEER'S CAR. - WITH THIS
DUIQUE I OUGHT TO BE ABLE
TO CRASH HIS HOUSE.







I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST I WONDER WHO THE GUESTS ARE TO-NIGHT. - MAYBE THE HOBO AND - - -



I'LL HIDE UNDER THE TABLE WHILE THEY DINE - - -



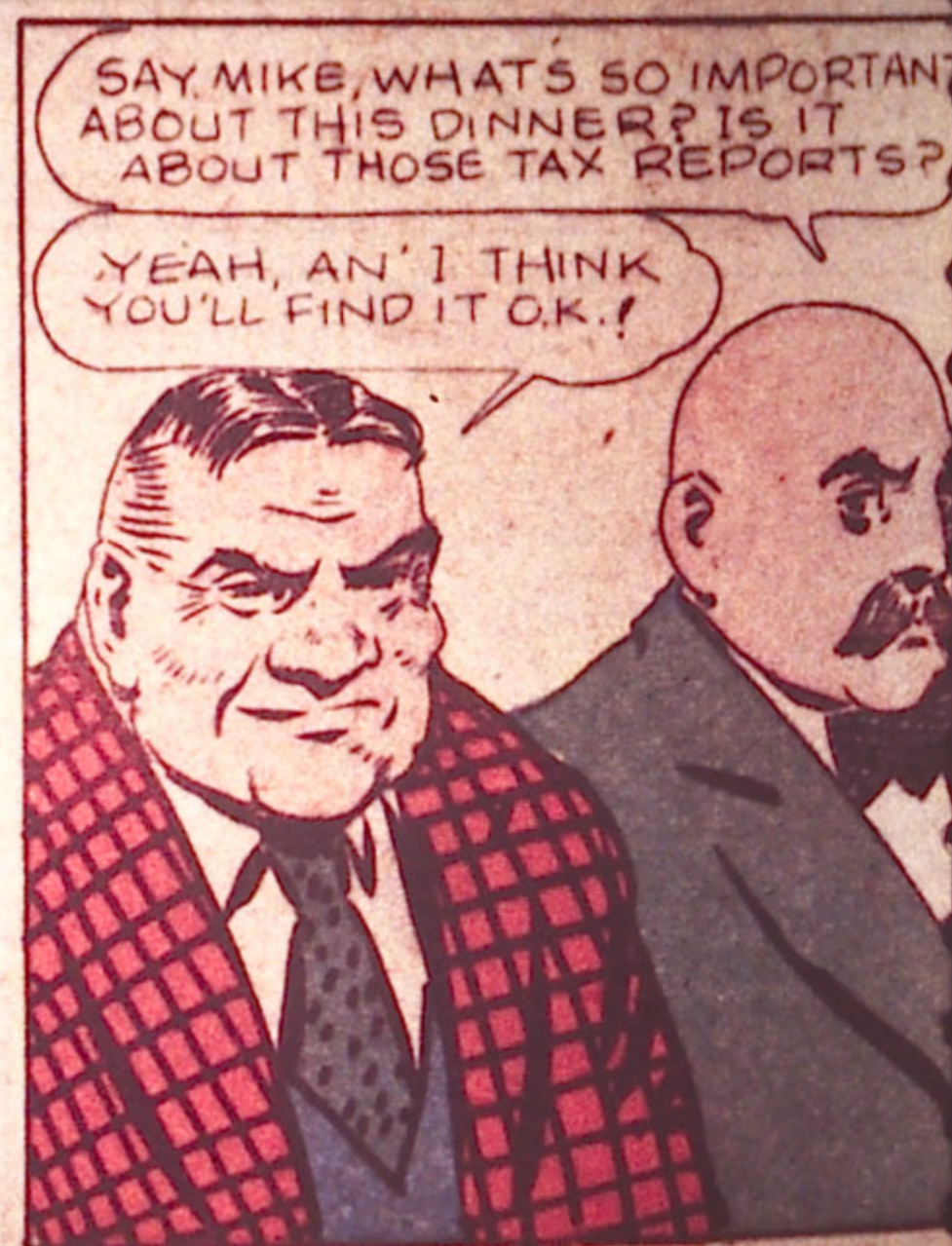
HELLO, BOYS. COME IN I GOT A NEW BUTLER. I COULDN'T LOCATE HIM SO I CAME TO THE DOOR.

H'LO CHIEF!



IMAGINE ME, MIKE MOLONA BUTLERING! SAY JAKE, HAVE YOU GOT THE DOPE? DID ANYBODY SEE YOU?

NO BUDY SAW ME. AN' I GOT IT TOO.



SAY, MIKE, WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS DINNER? IS IT ABOUT THOSE TAX REPORTS?

YEAH, AN' I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT O.K.!

IN THIS BAG, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE THE MISSING REPORTS WHICH YOU, MR. MAYOR, AND YOU MIKE, WOULD FIND VERY INTERESTING IF YOU HAD THEM - ER MY PRICE IS -



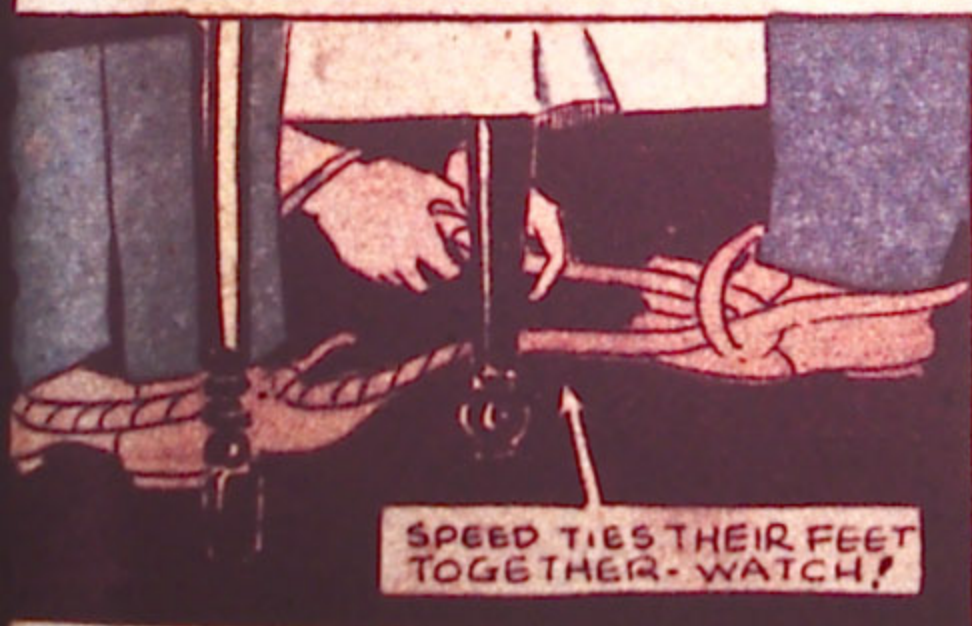
WELL, WHAT IS YOUR PRICE, JAKE?

I AM ASKING THE SMALL SUM OF \$20,000.

?



MEANWHILE UNDER THE TABLE -



SPEED TIES THEIR FEET TOGETHER - WATCH!



HEY!



SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR DINNER PARTY, MIKE, I DIDN'T KNOW THE MAYOR WAS YOUR GUEST

SPEED SAUNDERS!



KEEP YOUR HANDS UP -- OH --

TAKE THAT - YOU SNEAKY COPPER, I HATE YOUR GUTS!

DURING THE MELEE THE HOBO SNATCHES THE BAG AND DASHES OUT THE DOOR.

GET HIM!
GET--

NEVER MIND THE OLD MAN! LET'S TAKE CARE OF MR. SAUNDERS, SO THAT HIS TONGUE WILL NOT WAG.



SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FULL OF COPS.

PUT 'EM UP
MOLONA!
YOU CAN'T
GET
AWAY!

STAND BACK-
OR I'LL BLOW
SAUNDERS
IN TWO!



NOW REACH,
MR. MOLONA.
AND KEEP
THEM UP

THE HOBO COMES IN THE BACK WAY-

MIKE MOLONA AND MAYOR BRUNZ ARE TRAPPED BY THE MYSTERIOUS HOBO.



GOOD WORK, JONES THE
SPECIAL PROSECUTOR
WILL BE GLAD TO
HEAR
THIS!

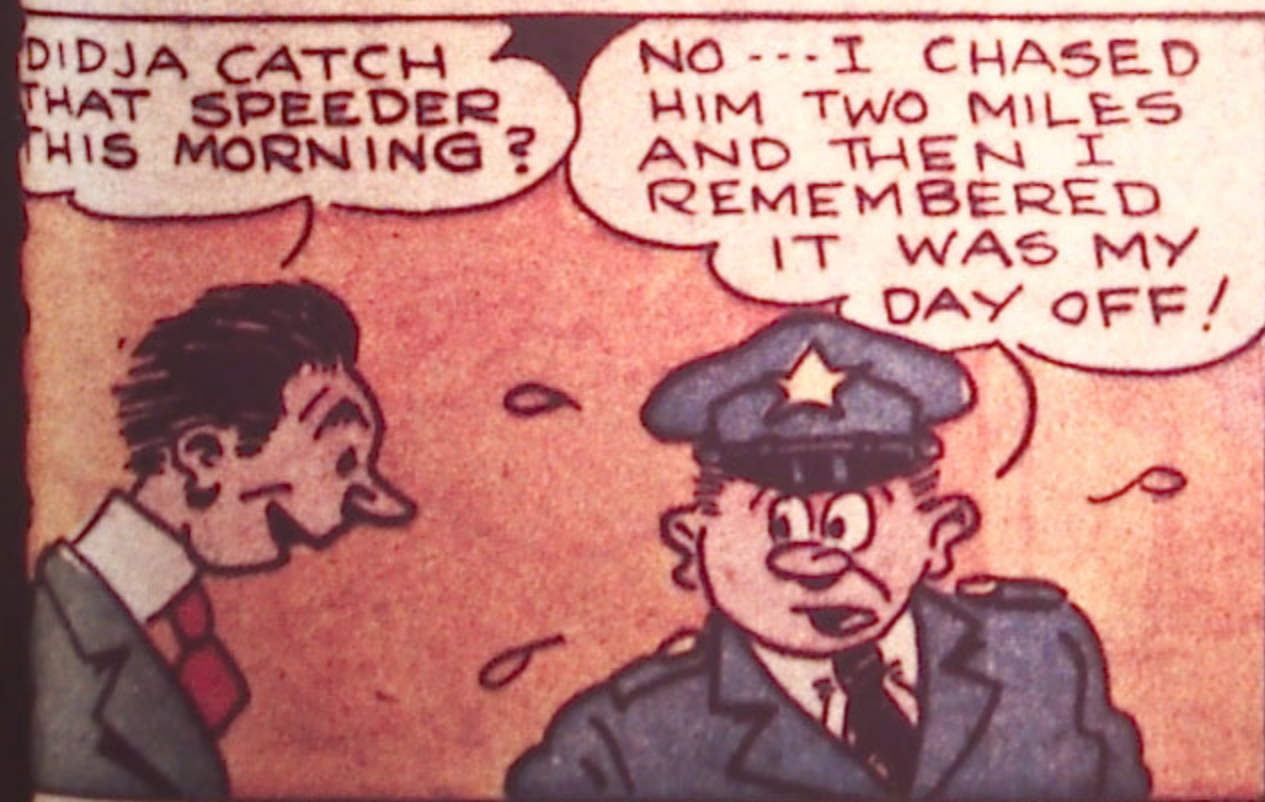
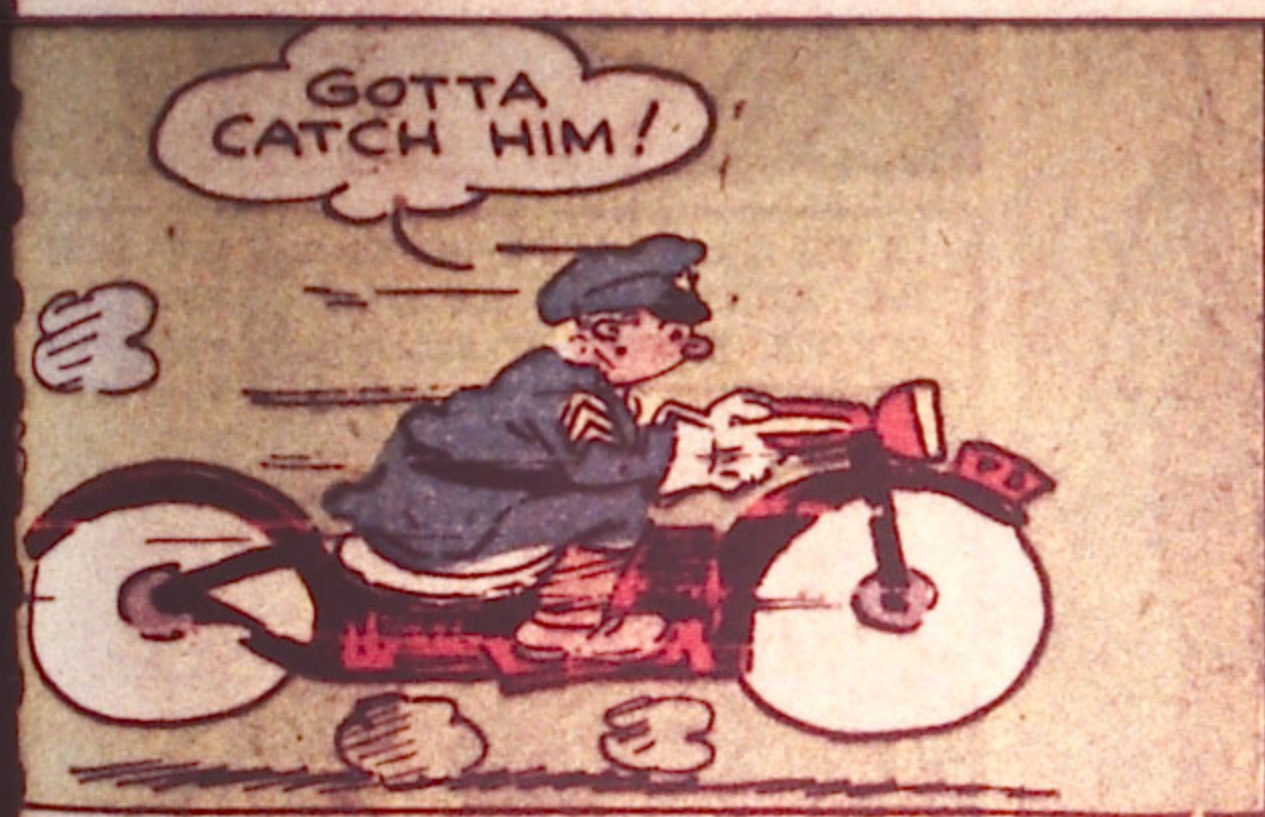
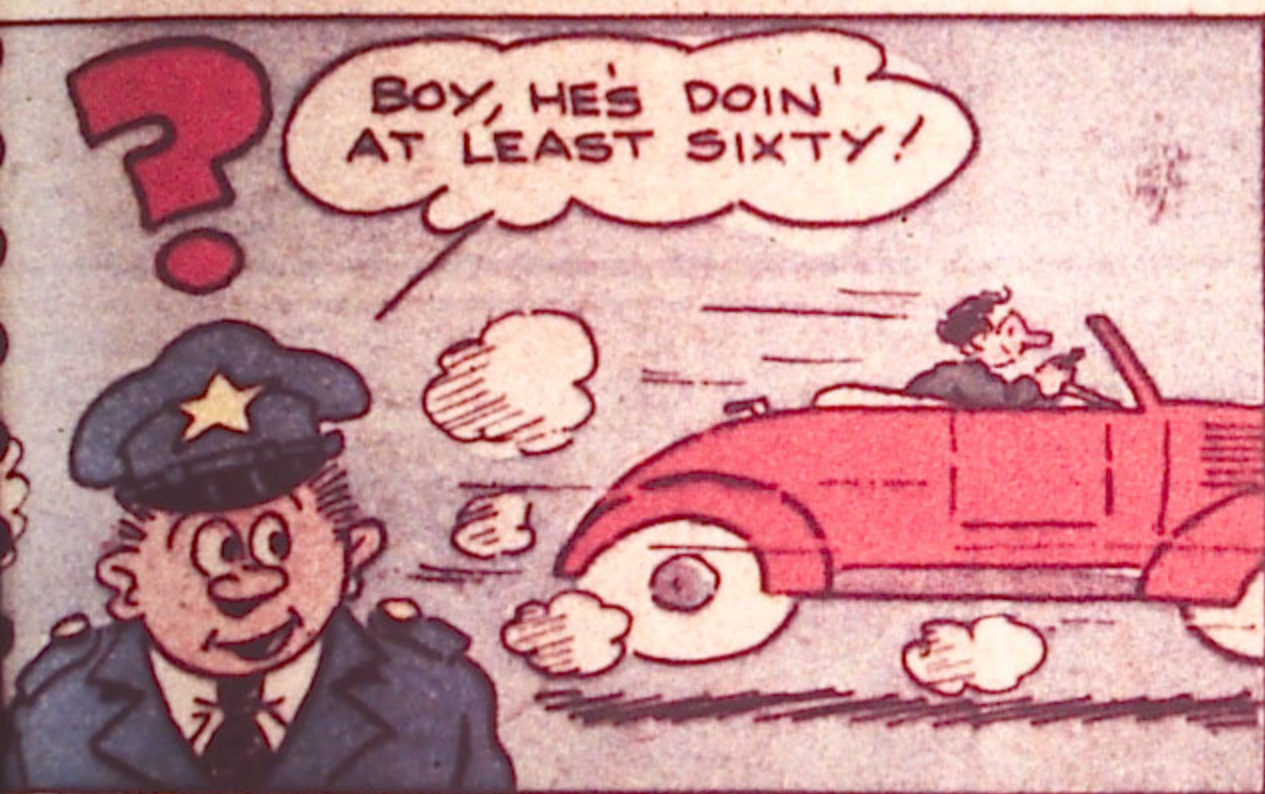
THANKS
CHIEF!

I SURE SIZED
YOU UP WRONG
MR. JONES

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON
THIS CASE FOR TWO YEARS.
I'M GLAD IT'S OVER. I HAD
BEGUN TO THINK I
REALLY WAS
A HOBO!

• The End •

SGT. SIMP



**Larry. Wed
Like To Have
You. - But...**

**THEY THOUGHT THEY COULDN'T
PUT HIM IN THE SCHOOL SHOW-**

**IF YOU COULD ONLY SING OR
DANCE OR PLAY SOMETHING
LARRY**



**GOSH, HOW
DID YOU LEARN?
WITH THE HOHNER
FREE INSTRUCTION
BOOK. IT'S A CINCH**

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WERE THE HIT OF THE SHOW!**

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LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

LARRY AND G-MAN, HATCH, TRAIL THE KIDNAPPERS TO A DESERTED ISLAND OUT IN LONG ISLAND SOUND— IN A DESERTED OLD MANSION THEY DISCOVER HASTINGS, SQUINTY, AND DUTCH SERVING A MAD SCIENTIST, WHO THINKS HE CAN CREATE A PERFECT MAN BY DISECTING AND REASSEMBLING FOUR HUMAN BEINGS— THESE BEING JOHNNIE WESTON, SWIMMING CHAMP, KID RILEY, PRIZE FIGHTER, ANDRE DUBOIS, MOTION PICTURE IDOL, AND LARRY'S FATHER, A NOTED PSYCHOLOGIST— BEFORE LARRY OR HATCH COULD DO A THING, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES COVERED BY AN ALLURING WOMAN, WHO SUDDENLY APPEARED BEHIND THEM — —

by Will Ely

WELL / WHO ARE YOU ?

I HAPPEN TO BE DR. SARCOFF'S WIFE, SHOULD IT INTEREST YOU —

AND WHO IS HE ? THAT WILD MAN IN THERE WITH THE SPINACH ON HIS FACE ?

HE IS A FAMOUS SURGEON— HE WAS BANISHED FROM RUSSIA —

IF YOU ARE HIS WIFE, HOWCOME THE "PERFECT MAN" YOU SPEAK OF WILL BELONG TO YOU ?

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT WHEN THE TIME COMES

COME ON NOW— WE ARE GOING IN TO HAVE YOU MEET THE DOCTOR !

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK !

TAKE IT EASY
NOW, SISTER—

WHY, YOU FOOL!
YOU'LL REGRET
THIS!

NOW WE'LL GO MEET THE DOCTOR,
AND I THINK WE CAN TALK
BUSINESS WITH HIM!

WHAT'S THAT /
A SHOT!

COME ON!

TAKE IT EASY DOCTOR,
OR YOUR WIFE GETS IT!

WHO IS THIS?

IT'S LARRY STEEL!

NOW JUST LINE UP AGAINST THAT
WALL OVER THERE AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING
FUNNY—

YOU CAN'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS!

WE'LL SEE! FRISK THEM, HATCH—
REMEMBER THIS GUN IS POINTED
AT HER BACK!

WELL I'VE GOT A YOUNG
ARSENAL HERE!
NOW WHAT?

NOW WE'LL HAVE
A TALK WITH THE
DOCTOR!

YOU CANNOT STOP MY
EXPERIMENT - BEFORE
I'LL LET YOU DO THAT,
I'LL DESTROY ALL OF US -

JUST A MINUTE,
DOCTOR! WHAT
OF YOUR LOVELY
WIFE? WOULD
YOU HARM HER?

THAT IS TRUE - YOU HAVE
ME THERE - I COULD
NOT HARM MY
BELOVED SONIA -

I THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT
RECONSIDER -

TELL ME, DOCTOR, I OVERHEARD YOU SAY
THESE MEN HERE WERE NOT DEAD - CAN
YOU BRING THEM BACK TO NORMAL LIFE?

I CAN -- I WILL DRAIN MY OWN SPECIAL
FLUID FROM THEIR VEINS AND GIVE THEM
BACK THEIR LIVES BLOOD -

BE CAREFUL, AND
DON'T TRY ANY
TRICKS!

I MUST NOT BE DISTURBED
AND HAVE COMPLETE QUIET -

THE MAD RUSSIAN ARRANGES HIS EQUIP-
MENT, MAKING THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS

THE TRANSFUSION BEGINS --

AS THIS IS TAKING PLACE, SONIA NOTICES ONE OF THE GUNS HATCH CONFISCATED PROTRUDING FROM HIS POCKET— SILENTLY SHE EDGES TOWARD HIM AND FURTIVELY REACHES FOR HIS GUN—



O.K. FLATFOOT, DROP YOUR GUNS AND REACH !



PRETTY SLICK AREN'T YOU ?

GET THEIR GUNS, BOYS!



NICE WORK, SONIA !
TIE THEM UP,
MEN, AND THROW
THEM IN THE
NEXT ROOM !

NOW YOU CAN FINISH
YOUR WORK, DEAR—



WELL HERE WE ARE—
THIS ISN'T SO HOT !

SLIDE OVER NEAR
ME — MAYBE WE
CAN UNTIE EACH
OTHER—



BUT --
ARRIVING
AT THE
ISLAND
IN THE
COLD, GREY
DAWN OF
MORNING --



START THE FLOW OF THE
EMBALMING FLUID --
NOTHING WILL STOP
ME THIS TIME --



WE'RE LOOSE !

NOW, IF WE ONLY
HAD A GUN !



WE HAVE -- I HAVE
ONE HIDDEN HERE,
STRAPPED TO MY
LEG -- THEY OVER-
LOOKED THAT --

COME ON THEN!
WE MUST
HURRY --



STAND BY TO
HAND ME
MY INSTRUMENTS,
SONIA --



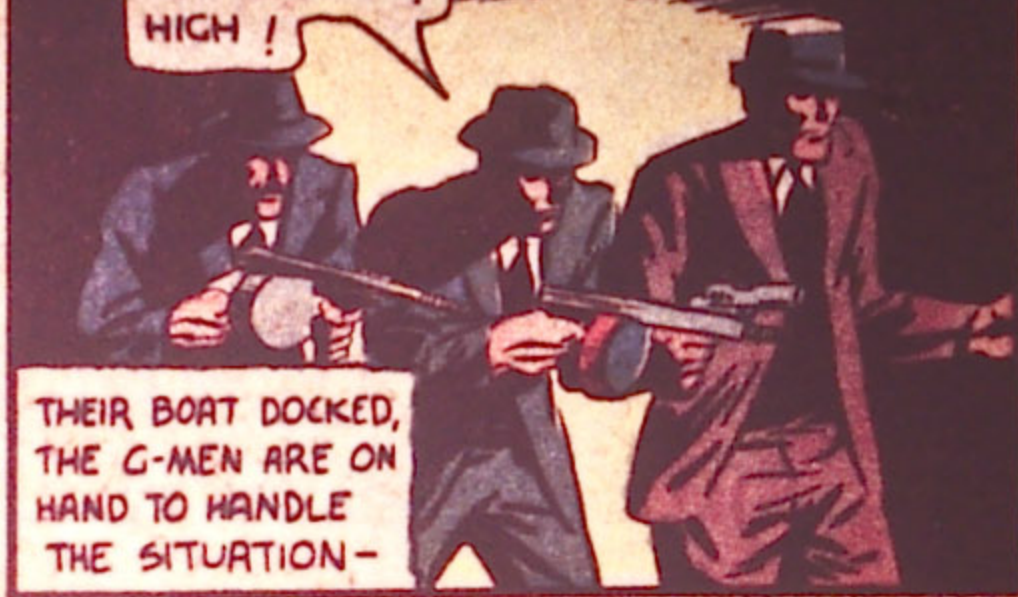
GET 'EM UP YOU
MUGS !

THEY'RE LOOSE !



THAT'S RIGHT
GET 'EM UP !
HIGH !

THEIR BOAT DOCKED,
THE G-MEN ARE ON
HAND TO HANDLE
THE SITUATION—



NOW, YOU RAT—
BRING THESE MEN
BACK TO LIFE !



RELUCTANTLY THE DOCTOR PERFORMS THE
OPERATION—AFTER THE TRANSFUSION THE
MEN BEGIN TO STIR—



FATHER ! THANK
HEAVEN'S YOUR
ALIVE —

LARRY, MY BOY !



AND BILL ! HOW DID
YOU GET HERE ?

AS SOON AS I GOT TO
NEW YORK I CONTACT-
ED THE F.B.I.— THEN
WE ALL FOLLOWED THE
DIRECTIONS OF HATCH'S
TELEPHONE CALL —



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE !!

OH ! HE'S
POISONED
HIMSELF !!



THAT'S HIS FINISH,
AND A NICE PRISON
SENTENCE WILL
AWAIT HIS COHORTS !

A COWARD, BESIDES
BEING A MADMAN—



THE END —

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



1 DEATH IN THE RADIO-STUDIO!
IT STRIKES QUICKLY AND WITHOUT WARNING!



2 MILLIONS OF LISTENERS ARE PUZZLED BY THE
ABRUPT ENDINGS OF THE VARIOUS PROGRAMS
OF THE FEDERAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.



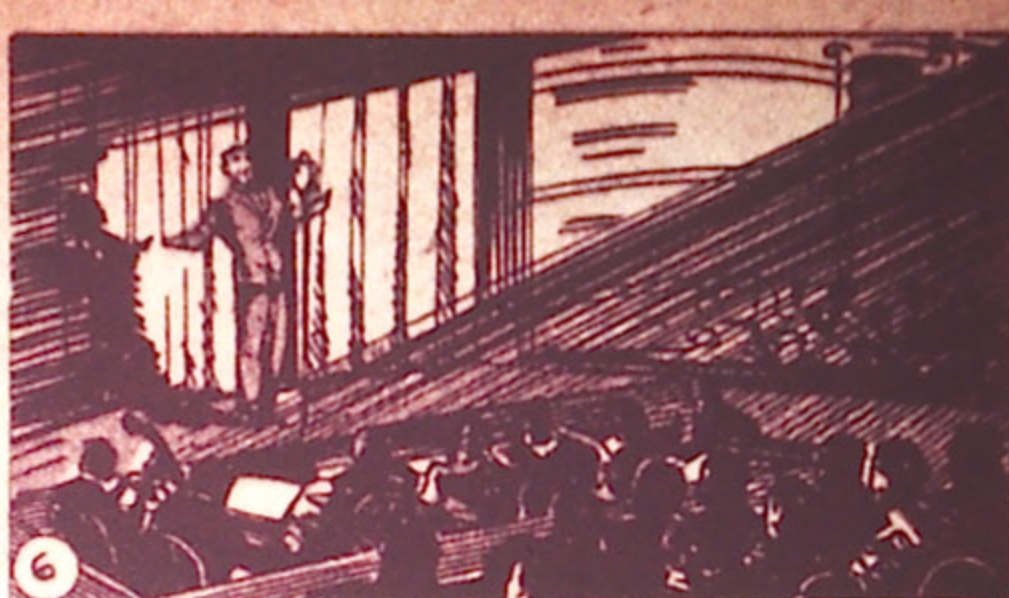
3 BUT MOST STARTLING OF ALL IS THE SUDDEN
DEATH OF HAL LANE, INTERNATIONAL STAR OF
POPULAR SONGS, AT THE 'MIKE' IN THE BALL-ROOM
OF THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL IN NEW YORK.

THE BALL-ROOM IS JAMMED TO CAPACITY. THE
NOTABLES OF STAGE, SCREEN AND SOCIETY DANCE
TO THE SOFT STRAINS OF THE ORCHESTRA.





UNDER DEAFENING APPLAUSE LANE APPEARS AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE MICROPHONE.



TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF THE ORCHESTRA AND IN A MULTICOLORED SPOT-LIGHT LANE SINGS AND THE NATION LISTENS, ENTRANCED.



SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SONG HE STOPS - AN AGONIZED EXPRESSION COMES OVER HIS FACE - HE CLUTCHES AT HIS THROAT -



- DESPERATELY HE TRIES TO SPEAK -- THEN HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR --- DEAD!



A MOMENT OF SILENCE FOLLOWS, THEN A WOMAN SCREAMS - AND A SEA OF PANDEMONIUM BREAKS OVER THE PLACE.



THE ANNOUNCER ELBOWS HIS WAY TO THE MICROPHONE AND ENDEAVORS TO COVER UP THE PAUSE WITH SOME SPONTANEOUS REMARKS.



AS MOORE, SITTING WITH ONE OF THE VICE PRESIDENTS OF THE BROADCASTING SYSTEM, LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND RUSHES OVER TO WHERE LANE HAS FALLEN.



HE DIRECTS SEVERAL MEN TO CARRY LANE'S BODY TO THE DRESSING-ROOM AND SIGNALS THE ORCHESTRA TO CONTINUE PLAYING.



13 IN THE DRESSING ROOM COSMO EXAMINES LANE.



14 THE CONTORTED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE INDICATES A VIOLENT AND UNNATURAL DEATH, AS OF STRANGLING.



15 COSMO PLACES HIS FACE CLOSE TO THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH.



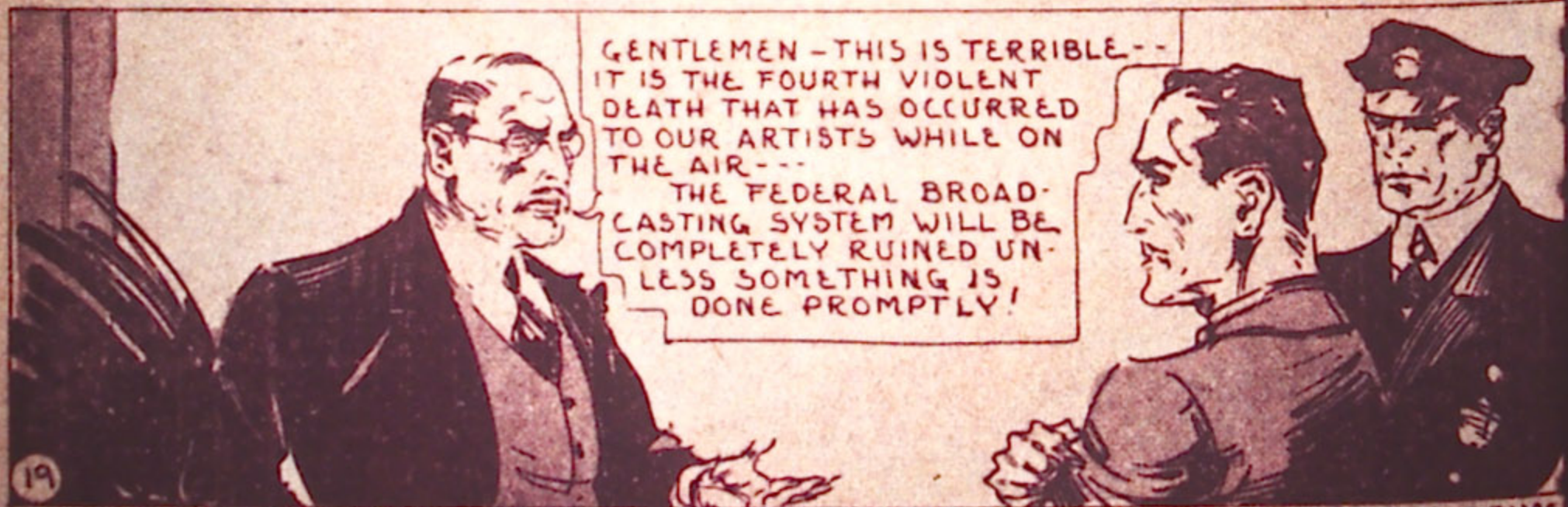
16 IT DISCLOSES A FAINTLY YELLOW STAIN OF A RATHER SWEETISH, BARELY NOTICEABLE ODOOR.



17 THE POLICE AND DOCTOR ARRIVE AND ALSO AGREE THAT THE SINGER HAS BEEN MURDERED.



18 THEY CAN HOWEVER FIND NO TANGIBLE CLUE TO THE MURDER.



19 THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BROADCASTING COMPANY IS GREATLY AGITATED BY THE CRIME.

THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THESE MURDERS ALL THIS TIME WITHOUT SOLVING THEM--



THE FOLLOWING DAY COSMO AND VICE-PRESIDENT BRENNER DISCUSS THE CASE IN THE OFFICE OF THE BROADCASTING COMPANY.

MISTER BRENNER THIS LETTER JUST CAME IN ALONG WITH OUR OTHER MAIL- PLEASE READ IT-



THE SECRETARY ENTERS WITH THE MAIL AND HANDS A LETTER OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO BRENNER.

WHY--WHY--? HERE, READ THIS, COSMO!

WHAT'S UP, BRENNER?



Pay me \$100,000 before 8 o'clock this evening or else another of your artists, the tenor, Brian Coleman will be killed in the same manner as Hal Lane. I will give you instructions how to pay money later.

23

CAN'T YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING, COSMO-- WHAT AM I TO DO?



GIVE ME ACCESS TO ALL THE STUDIOS AND ROOMS OF THE BUILDING, PARTICULARLY THE ONE BRIAN COLEMAN WILL SING FROM THIS EVENING. I MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP THIS KILLING.



ROBERT, I WANT YOU TO ESCORT THIS GENTLEMAN THROUGH OUR ENTIRE BUILDING - -

YES, SIR!

26

BRENNER PRESSES A BUTTON AND A PAGE ENTERS AND ESCORTS COSMO THROUGH THE STUDIOS.

27

THEY ENTER STUDIO 'A' IN WHICH COLEMAN IS TO SING. COSMO INSPECTS EVERY CRANNY OF THE ROOM.

28

HE VERY CAREFULLY EXAMINES THE MICROPHONE. A WIRE LEADS FROM IT TO A SMALL GLASS-ENCLOSED ROOM ON ONE SIDE FOR THE MONITOR WHO CONTROLS THE SOUND AND VARIOUS OTHER TECHNICAL OPERATIONS OF A BROADCAST.

29

COSMO ENTERS THE CONTROL ROOM AND AGAIN INSPECTS EVERY BIT OF APPARATUS.

30

HE STOPS SUDDENLY AS HE COMES UPON SOMETHING THAT PARTICULARLY TAKES HIS ATTENTION - FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES HE WORKS FEVERISHLY AT A SMALL BLACK CASE ON THE FLOOR.

31

BRENNER, I WANT YOU TO ATTEND COLEMAN'S BROADCAST WITH ME THIS EVENING - IN THE MEANTIME, PAY NO HEED TO THE EXTORTION LETTER YOU RECEIVED TO-DAY!

SATISFIED WITH HIS INSPECTION HE RETURNS TO BRENNER'S OFFICE.



32 THAT NIGHT BRANNER AND COSMO ATTEND THE BROADCAST WITH THE VAST AUDITORIUM PACKED TO CAPACITY.



33 THE MUSIC STARTS UP SOFTLY AS COLEMAN TAKES THE SPOT-LIGHT AMID THE APPLAUSE OF THE AUDIENCE.



34 HALF WAY THROUGH HIS NUMBER HE STOPS. A CLOUD OF BLUE SMOKE POURS FROM THE MICROPHONE AND ENVELOPS COLEMAN.



35 COSMO LEAPS FROM HIS SEAT AND RUSHES INTO THE MONITOR'S ROOM AND DRAGS OUT THE MAN AT THE CONTROL PANEL.



36 THE PROGRAM CONTINUES AFTER THE BRIEF INTERRUPTION.



37 BRANNER, COSMO AND THE CAPTURED MAN GO INTO BRANNER'S OFFICE WHERE THE POLICE IS CALLED.



HOW DID YOU COME TO NAB HIM, COSMO?

THIS MAN GLASSER WORKED AS A MONITOR AND DEvised A SCHEME WHEREBY HE THOUGHT HE COULD FORCE THE COMPANY TO PAY HIM MONEY. HE INSTALLED A THIN TUBING LEADING FROM THE CONTROL ROOM THROUGH THE WIRE LEADING TO THE MICROPHONE AND UP THROUGH THE HEAD PIECE. AT THE PROPER MOMENT HE WOULD PRESS A TINY PLUNGER THAT RELEASED AN ALMOST INVISIBLE POISON THROUGH THE TUBING AND INTO THE FACE OF THE ARTIST BEFORE THE MICROPHONE. I FOUND THE MECHANISM AND SUBSTITUTED A HARMLESS CHEMICAL INSTEAD.

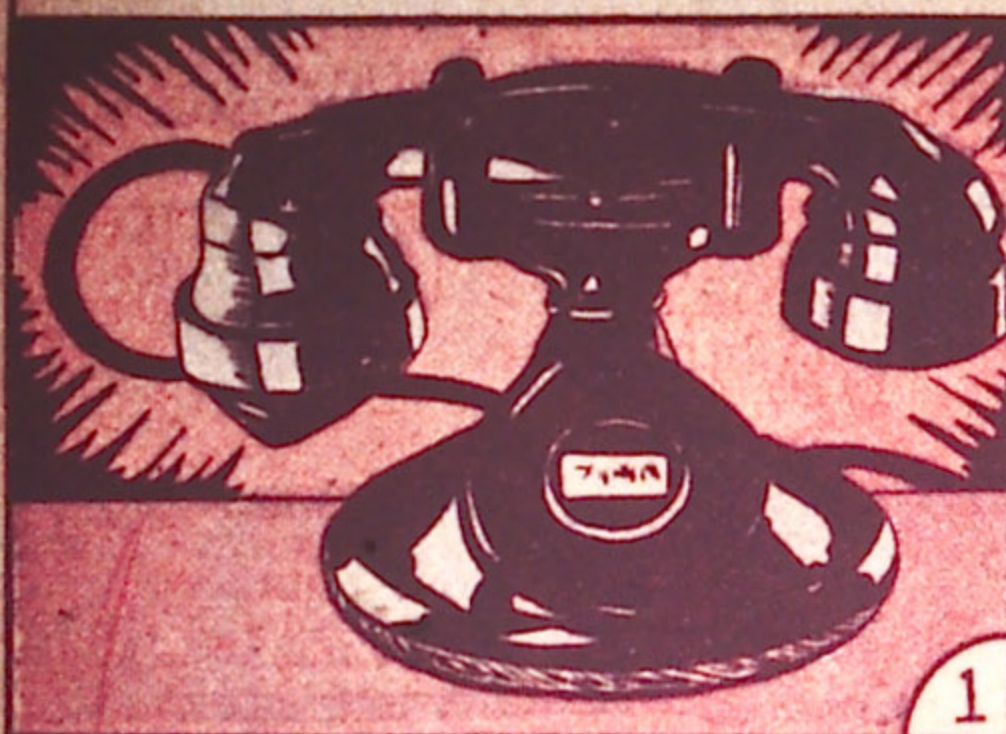


THE BLOOD OF THE LOTUS

by
Tom
Hickey

Continuing the adventures of that crack amateur sleuth, Bruce Nelson.

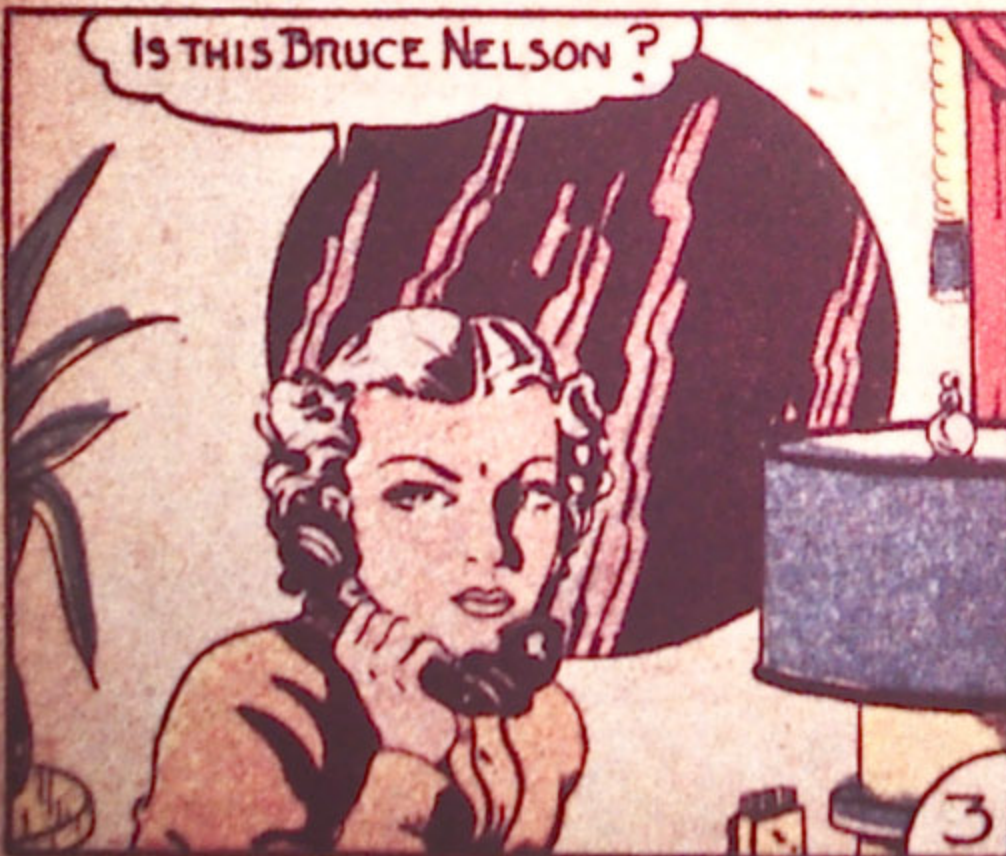
THE SHRILL JANGLE OF THE TELEPHONE BELL SHATTERED THE STILLNESS OF THE DARK ROOM.



BRUCE NELSON REACHED OVER AND LIFTED THE INSTRUMENT FROM THE STAND. HIS HELLO WAS MORE THAN HALF YAWN.



IS THIS BRUCE NELSON?



THAT'S RIGHT. WHO'S CALLING?

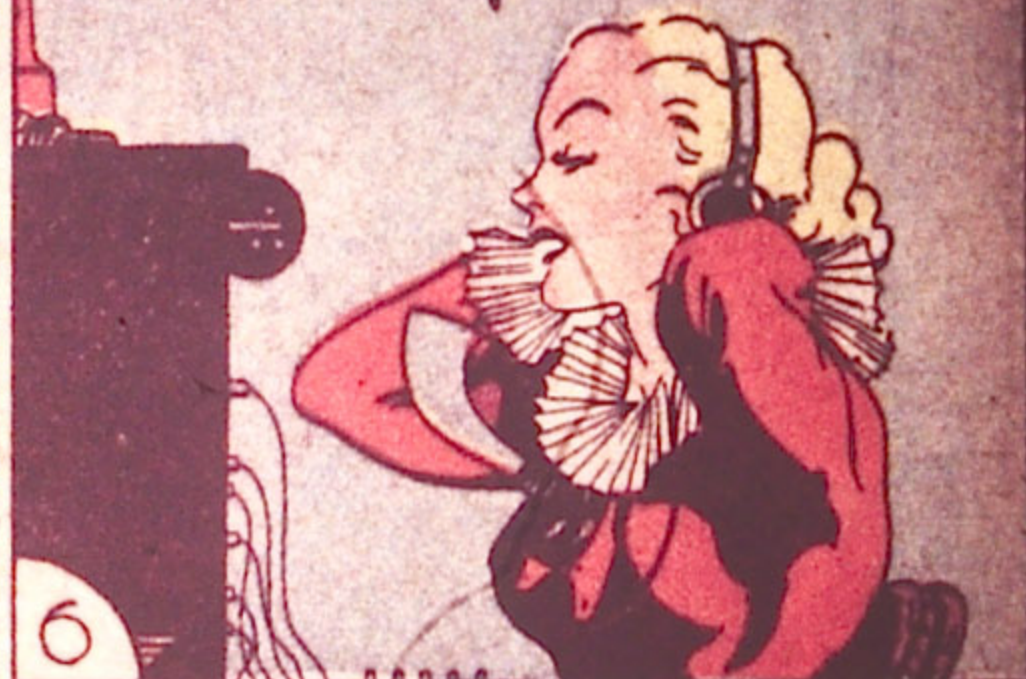


A LOUD, WAILING SCREAM, A CRY OF SHEER MORTAL ERROR, CAME OVER THE WIRE. IT WAS CUT OFF SHORT. A CLICK, THEN DEAD SILENCE. BRUCE NELSON SAT STRAIGHT UP IN BED, THOROUGHLY AWAKE. HE JIGGLED THE PHONE'S CONTACT BAR, THEN DIALED THE OPERATOR.

SOMEBODY JUST CALLED ME. THEY WERE CUT OFF. CAN YOU TELL ME WHO IT WAS, PLEASE?



I AM SORRY, SIR. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. THE CONNECTION HAS BEEN BROKEN.



HE REPLACED THE PHONE AND LOOKED UP. SING LEE, HIS CHINESE SERVANT WAS STANDING BY THE BED. NELSON'S SILK DRESSING-GOWN OVER ONE ARM, A SWEAT OVER THE OTHER.

WE GO OUT NOW?

I GUESS NOT SING LEE. A GIRL CALLED BUT SOMEBODY YANKED HER AWAY FROM THE PHONE BEFORE SHE COULD TELL ME WHO OR WHERE SHE WAS.



SOMEBODY PLAYING VERY FUNNY JOKE, SOME WISE GUY. NEW YORK FULL UP WITH WISE GUYS. ALL VERY FUNNY.

NO, THAT WAS NO PHONY SCREAM. THE GIRL WAS IN TERROR, SCARED WITHIN AN INCH OF HER LIFE.



AT THREE A.M. ALL SCREAMS SOUND LIKE END OF WORLD. WE GO BACK SLEEP NOW?



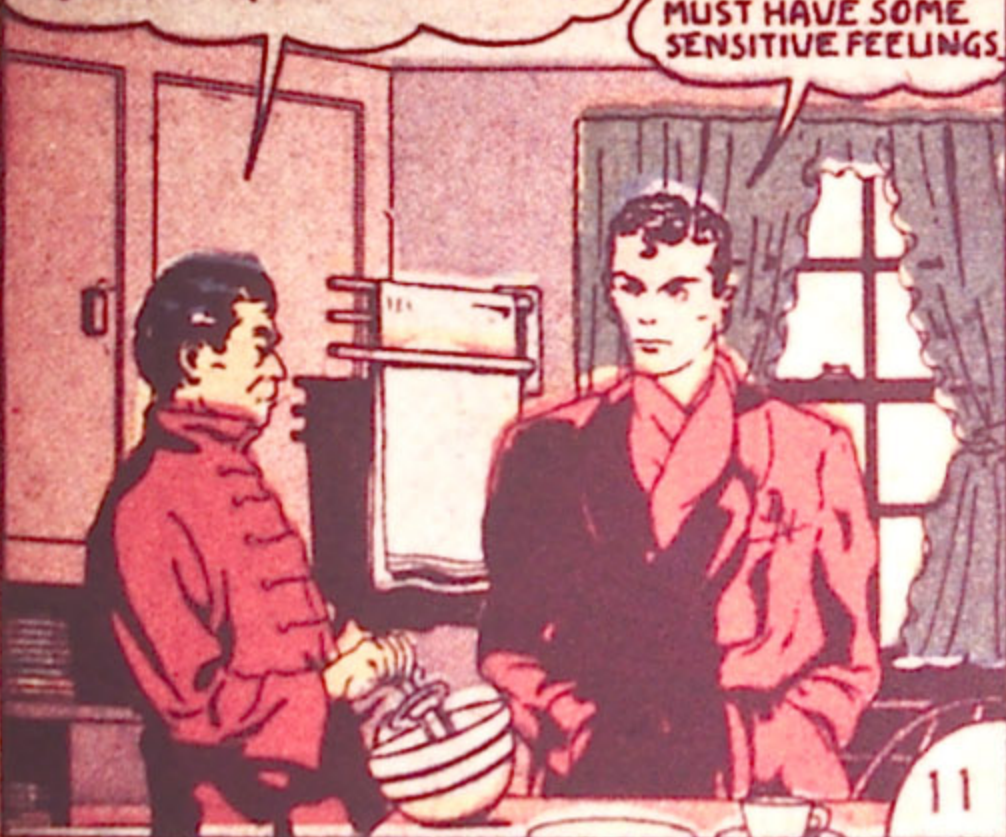
THE SUN WAS STREAMING IN THE WINDOWS WHEN SING LEE'S WHEEZY OLD VICTROLA, PLAYING IN THE KITCHEN, WOKE NELSON ONCE MORE.

ALL RIGHT, SING LEE. YOU CAN SHUT OFF THAT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE. — I'M UP.



GOOD MUSIC, EVIL SPIRITS DON'T LIKE IT. THEY RUN WHEN THEY HEAR IT.

I DON'T BLAME THEM. EVEN AN EVIL SPIRIT MUST HAVE SOME SENSITIVE FEELINGS.



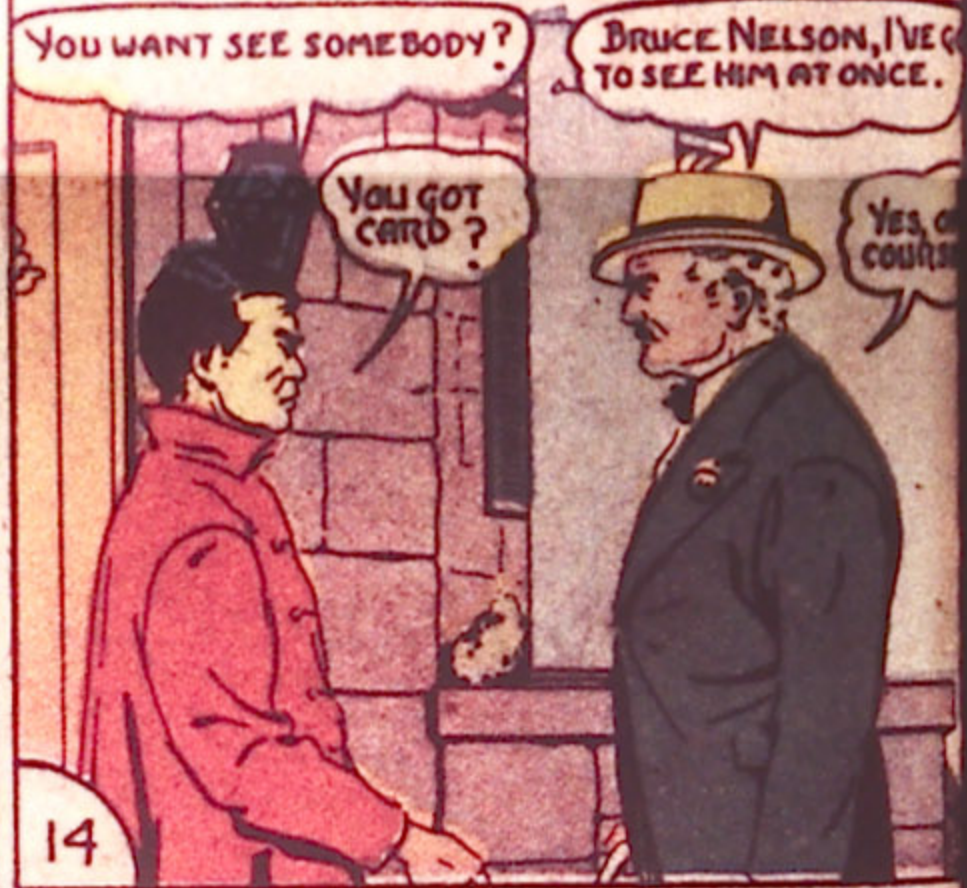
A BUZZER SOUNDED. SING LEE WALKED INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND GAZED DOWN INTO A TALL URN THAT STOOD IN ONE CORNER. INSIDE THE URN WAS A PERISCOPE ARRANGEMENT THAT SHOWED THE FRONT DOOR, ONE FLIGHT BELOW ON THE STREET LEVEL.



LET ME SEE. — YEP — WELL-DRESSED CLUBMAN TYPE, AND VERY NERVOUS ABOUT SOMETHING. LET HIM IN, SING LEE. TELL HIM, I'LL BE OUT OF THE SHOWER IN FOUR MINUTES.



SING LEE DESCENDED THE STAIRS AND UNLOCKED THE DOOR.



AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS SING LEE WAIVED THE VISITOR TO A CHAIR, OFFERED HIM A CIGARET AND A LIGHT, THEN CALLED AGAINST THE CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR.



GOOD MORNING. PLEASE JOIN ME AT BREAKFAST. SING LEE'S WHEATCAKES AND SAUSAGE ARE THE BEST IN THE CITY.



MR. POMEROY SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE.
HIS MOVEMENTS WERE MECHANICAL.

NO, THANK YOU. NO FOOD . . . IF POSSIBLE I SHOULD
LIKE TO RETAIN YOU IN A DELICATE MATTER — A VERY
DELICATE MATTER, MR. NELSON.



THAT WORD 'RETAIN' GIVES THE WRONG IMPRESSION.
MY SERVICES ARE NOT FOR HIRE. DOES THE FISHERMAN
ASK FOR MONEY FOR LANDING A GIANT SWORDFISH?
DOES THE SPORTSMAN ASK TO BE PAID FOR HUNTING-
TIGER? IF I AM INTERESTED I MAY AGREE TO HELP YOU.
NOW, LET'S GO ON FROM THERE.



OH! BUT I AM PREPARED
TODAY WELL. IT IS NOT A MATTER
FOR AMATEUR METHODS.

ALL RIGHT. IF I
AGREE TO TAKE THE
CASE, AND YOU FIND MY
SERVICES OF VALUE, YOU MAY
DONATE THE FEE TO A PET
CHARITY OF MINE. NOW, WHAT
BROUGHT YOU HERE.



PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME. I AM RATHER
PROMINENT IN SEVERAL PHASES OF THE CITY'S
ACTIVITIES. I HAVE A NIECE LOIS WOODWORTH. SHE
LIVES AT MY HOME AND I ADMINISTER HER LITTLE ESTATE.
IT IS ABOUT LOIS THAT I CAME TO SEE YOU.



BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, WHY ARE YOU
COMING TO ME, INSTEAD OF A
PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATOR.

DO YOU KNOW MY NIECE?

No.



SHE KNOWS ABOUT YOU, MR. NELSON. A FRIEND OF
HERS, A GIRL SHE ATTENDED SCHOOL WITH, TOLD LOIS
HOW YOU HELPED HER FAMILY OUT OF A PARTICULAR
VICIOUS MESS WITH SOME MEMBERS OF THE UNDER-
WORLD. — AND THIS MATTER CALLS FOR SOMETHING ABOVE
THE ORDINARY PRIVATE DETECTIVES' ORBIT. IT IS
CERTAINLY NOT FOR THE POLICE.



MY NIECE IS A STRANGE GIRL. SHE HAS SOME VERY ODD, LET US SAY, ARTISTIC TENDENCIES. SHE IS UNCONVENTIONAL. WHEN THAT ODD ORIENTAL MESSIAH WAS HERE SHE WANTED TO FOLLOW HIM AS A PRIESTESS.

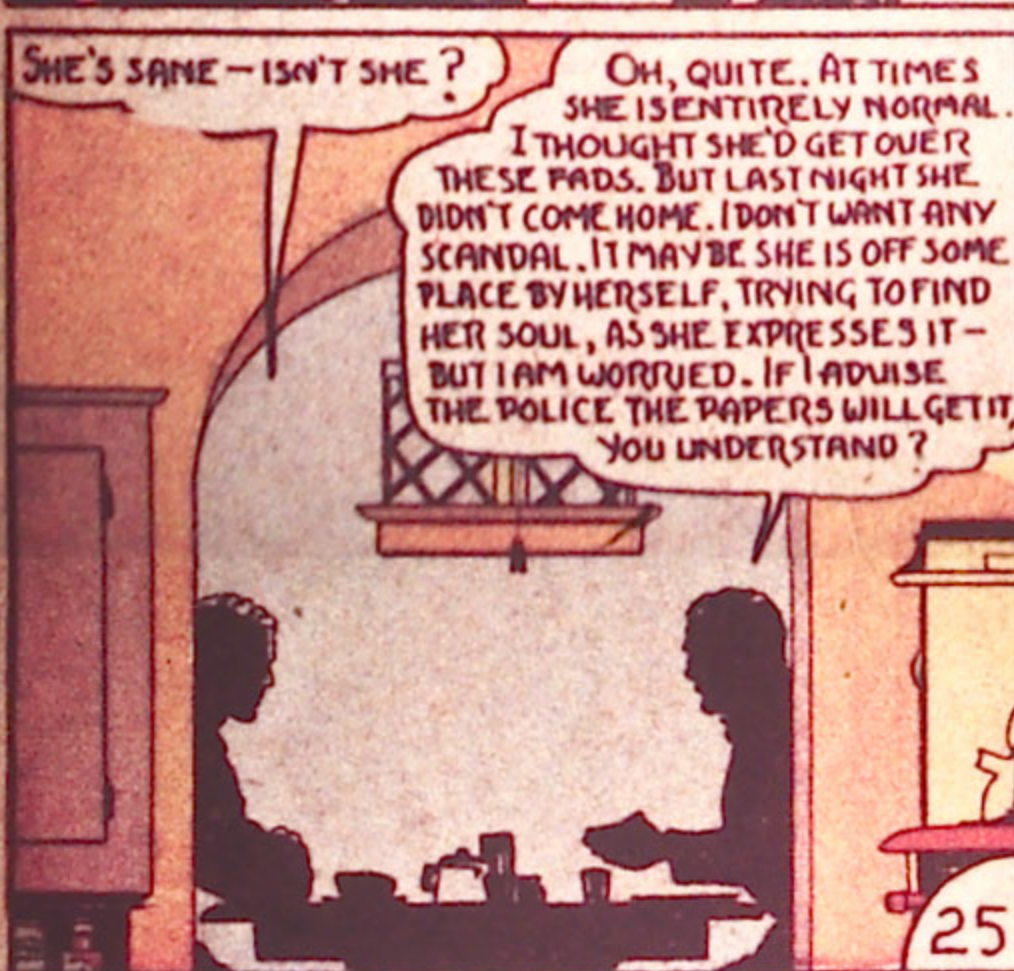


SHE HAS BEEN PESTERED BY A NUMBER OF FAKERS WITH CULTS AND NEW RELIGIONS. SHE WANTS TO GIVE THEM ALL MONEY OR JOIN THEIR WEIRD COLONIES. I HAVE HAD MY HANDS FULL.



SHE'S SANE — ISN'T SHE?

OH, QUITE. AT TIMES SHE IS ENTIRELY NORMAL. I THOUGHT SHE'D GET OVER THESE FADS. BUT LAST NIGHT SHE DIDN'T COME HOME. I DON'T WANT ANY SCANDAL. IT MAYBE SHE IS OFF SOME PLACE BY HERSELF, TRYING TO FIND HER SOUL, AS SHE EXPRESSES IT — BUT I AM WORRIED. IF I ADVISE THE POLICE THE PAPERS WILL GET IT. YOU UNDERSTAND?



HOW OLD IS SHE?

TWENTY-TWO. SHE HAS HAD HER DEBUT, AND CAN FIND A WORLD OF ACTIVITY WITH HER OWN SOCIAL SET, BUT SHE IS NOT INTERESTED IN SOCIETY.



I'M AFRAID YOUR CASE ISN'T FOR ME, MR. POMEROY. MY GUESS IS YOUR NIECE HAS JOINED SOME SILLY CULT. SOON YOU'LL GET A MESSAGE ASKING FOR A DONATION — POLITE BLACKMAIL — PAY IT AND TAKE HER OUT OF THE CITY WHERE THERE IS SUN AND AIR. GET HER MARRIED TO SOME RED-BLOODED LAD WHO WILL GIVE HER OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.



BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE. SHE LEFT A MESSAGE. I READ: I WILL FOLLOW THE LOTUS. I WILL NOT RETURN: — I AM QUITE DESPERATE, MR. NELSON. I KNOW IF I GO TO THE POLICE THE PAPERS WILL MAKE A LURID STORY OF IT, AND RUIN HER LIFE. WON'T YOU PLEASE HELP?



BRUCE NELSON LOOKED OVER POMEROY'S SHOULDER TO WHERE SING LEE WAS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY. THE CHINAMAN'S FACE WAS SCOTTED IN A FROWN. HE WAS MAKING FRANTIC MOTIONS BEHIND POMEROY'S BACK, SHAKING HIS HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE.



TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO MR. POMEROY. I'LL CALL ON YOU AT YOUR HOME IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR. YOU CAN GIVE ME MORE DETAILS THEN, AND LET ME INSPECT THE GIRL'S PERSONAL EFFECTS. THEN I'LL TELL YOU WHETHER OR NOT I CAN HELP YOU.



SING LEE SHOWED POMEROY TO THE DOOR AND RETURNED, STILL FROWNING.



SO! PERHAPS WE'RE IN FOR SOME FUN AFTER ALL. THE LOTUS IS A TOUGH OUTFIT, HEH?



WHEN WHITE MEN WERE ALL SAVAGES, RUNNING AROUND WOODS, WHEN EUROPE WAS EMPTY SWAMP AND THERE WAS NO AMERICA—HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE—THE LOTUS WAS POWERFUL. EVEN THE EMPEROR OF CHINA DID NOT CROSS THE LOTUS. IF GIRL HAS GONE TO THE LOTUS, I KEEP AWAY. DO NOT FIGHT THE LOTUS.



I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR MURDER TONGS. THOSE OUTFITS DON'T SCARE ME. YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT.



YOU KNOW IN MY COUNTRY I AM A WARRIOR. I BELONG TO A NUMBER ONE FIGHTING TONG. BUT I FEAR THE LOTUS. TELL GREY HAIR DUDE WITH NERVOUS FINGERS NO DEAL.

BETTER START EATING YOUR ANIMAL CRACKERS, SINGLEE. CONSUME LOTS OF LIONS AND TIGERS. IF THIS GIRL HAS GONE TO THE LOTUS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.



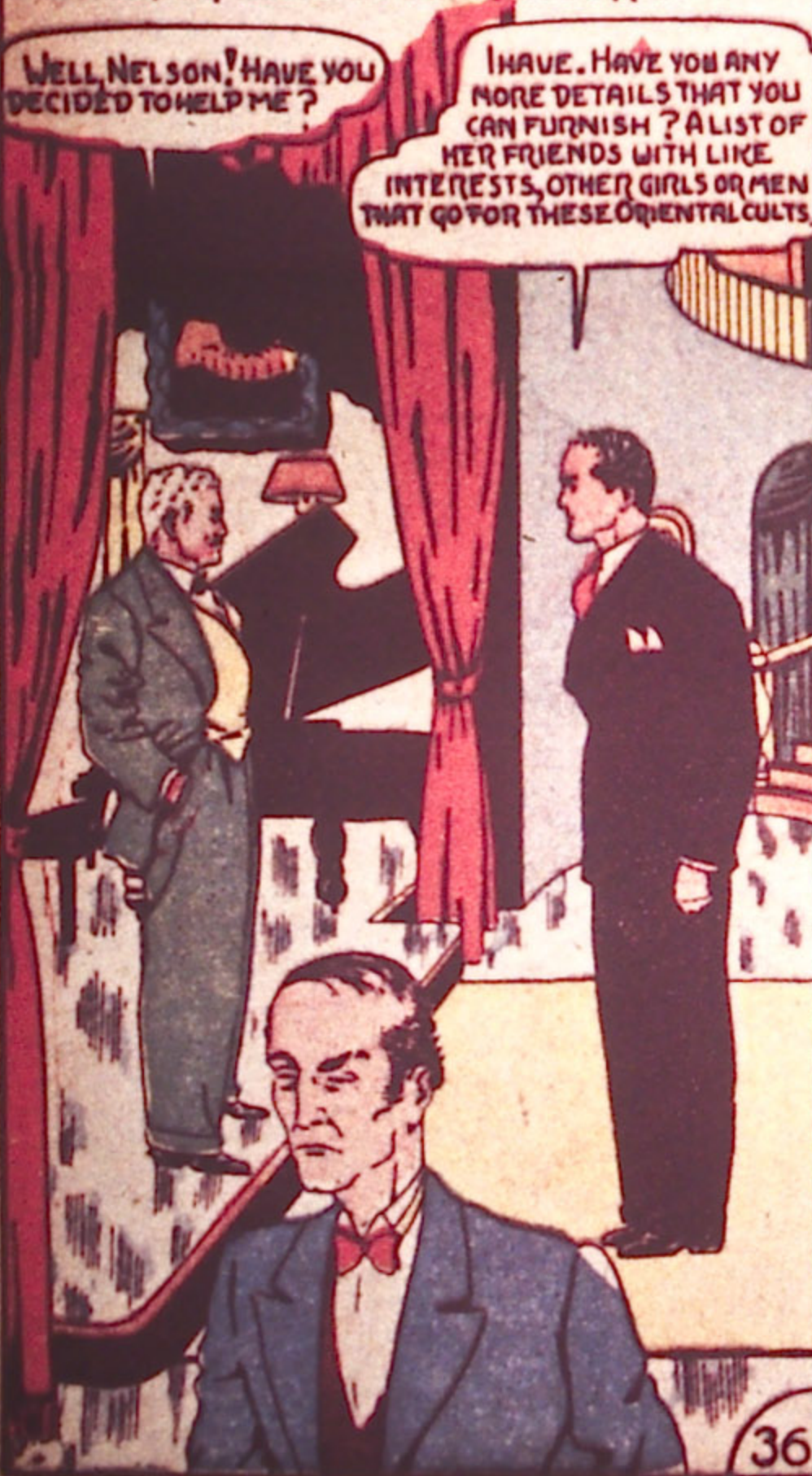
34

SINGLEE STARED BACK BLANKLY FOR A SECOND. THEN HE FLIPPED BACK THE SLEEVE OF HIS JACKET. STRAPPED TO HIS YELLOW FOREARM WAS A LONG KEEN BLADED KNIFE.



35

MR. PHILIP POMEROY WAS WAITING FOR BRUCE NELSON WHEN HE RANG THE BELL AT POMEROY'S PARK AVE. PLACE.



36

NO. SHE KEPT THOSE THINGS TO HERSELF.



37

NELSON WENT AROUND PULLING OUT BOOKS FROM THE SHELVES, FLIPPING THEIR PAGES, READING A LINE HERE AND THERE. POMEROY FOLLOWED HIM AROUND, WATCHING EVERY MOVEMENT WITH EXPECTANT EYES.



38

NELSON STROLLED BACK INTO THE BED ROOM, STOOD BY THE BUREAU FOR A MOMENT, THEN SUDDENLY PULLED OPEN THE TOP DRAWER.

AH! A PHOTOGRAPH! WHO IS IT MR. POMEROY? DO YOU KNOW?



39

OH, THAT'S A YOUNG MAN LOIS KNOWS. A DONALD BARNES. HE USED TO TAKE HER DANCING ONCE IN A WHILE.



40

WHERE DOES HE LIVE AND WHERE DOES HE WORK?

HE LIVES IN SOME BACHELOR CLUB, I THINK, AND WORKS SOME WHERE IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT. I DON'T KNOW THE FIRM'S NAME.



41

DID SHE EVER MENTION THE LOTUS TO YOU, BEFORE SHE LEFT THAT NOTE?

I DON'T THINK SO. BUT I WAS A LITTLE IMPATIENT WITH HER STRANGE INTEREST IN THOSE THINGS. I'M AFRAID I WOULDN'T HAVE PAID MUCH ATTENTION IF SHE DID.



42

NOT MUCH TO GO ON HERE. I'LL LOOK AROUND AND GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER. YOU MIGHT LET ME HAVE THE GIRL'S PICTURE. THAT WOULD HELP.

I'LL BE WAITING ANXIOUSLY.



43

POMEROY WENT OUT OF THE ROOM. AS SOON AS HE HAD LEFT NELSON MADE A QUICK SURVEY OF THE OTHER BUREAU DRAWERS. WHEN POMEROY RETURNED HE WAS STANDING AT A WINDOW WITH HIS BACK TO THE ROOM.

THIS IS LOIS. IT WAS TAKEN LESS THAN A YEAR AGO.



44

NELSON STUDIED THE PICTURE. THE GIRL'S FACE WAS KEPT FROM LOOKING WIDE BY THE ROUNDED CONTOURS OF YOUTH. HER EYES WERE LARGE, DARK AND SET FAR APART. HER HAIR WAVED SMOOTHLY FROM A CENTER PART. THE MOUTH WAS SMALL, RATHER FULL-LIPPED AND CHILDISH.



NELSON REMOVED THE PICTURE FROM THE FRAME AND STUCK IT IN HIS POCKET.

AS I SAY, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME MUCH TO WORK ON, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT TURNS UP. SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO REPORT IT TO THE POLICE?

OH, NO!

THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY.



46

NOW TO HIT THE WALL STREET DISTRICT TO SEE IF I CAN LOCATE THIS DONALD DARNES.



47

IT TOOK NELSON HALF AN HOUR TO LOCATE DONALD BARNES, AND FIND THE WALL STREET FIRM THAT YOUNG BARNES WORKED FOR.

IS THIS THE PICTURE OF LOIS WOODWORTH?

YES.— WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER?

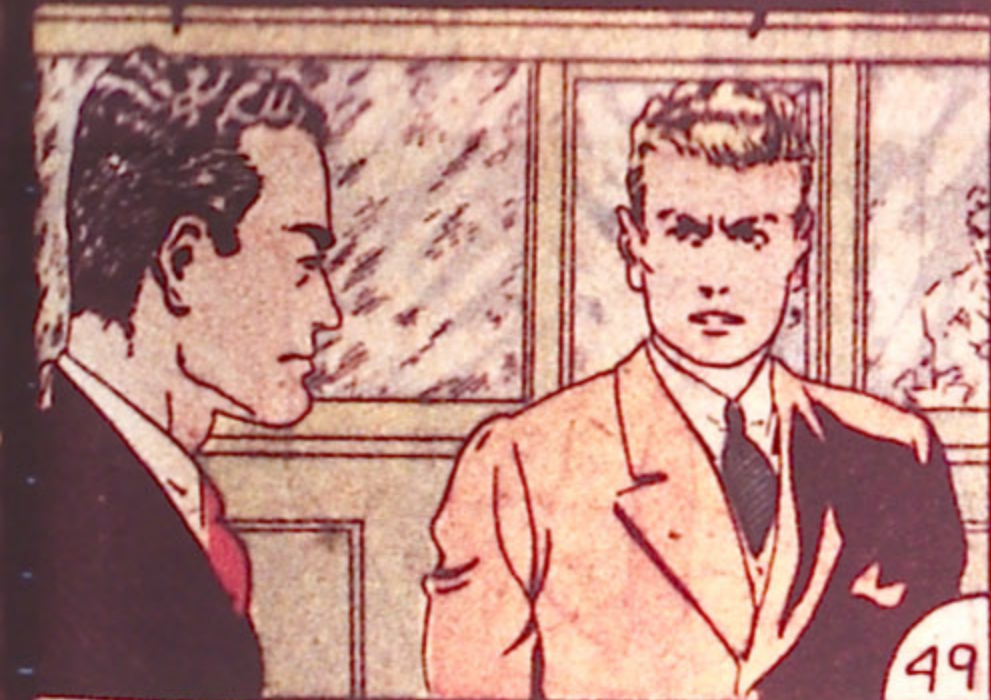


SHE WENT AWAY LAST NIGHT. SHE LEFT A NOTE SAYING SHE WAS GOING TO THE LOTUS. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

DARN IT! I WAS AFRAID SHE'D DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

IT'S HER UNCLE'S FAULT. THAT OLD SOUR PUSS WOULDN'T LET HER HAVE ANY NORMAL INTERESTS. HE KEPT HER COOPED UP LIKE A NUN. IT'S HIS FAULT IF LOIS HAS DONE SOMETHING FOOLISH.

WHAT YOU MEAN IS HE WOULDN'T LET YOU CALL ON HER. ISN'T THAT SO?



YES, BUT I USED TO MEET HER, ANYWAY. HER UNCLE SAID I WAS WITHOUT FAMILY OR MONEY OR PROSPECTS—BUT WE LOVE EACH OTHER!

OH, YOU DO, HEN? DO YOU READ ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY AND CHINESE POETRY, TOO.

NO! I HATE THE STUFF. IT HAD AN UNWHOLESOME EFFECT ON HER. WE NEVER EVEN TALKED ABOUT IT WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER.

WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT?

ABOUT GETTING MARRIED.



HUH! — IT WOULD APPEAR THAT HER AESTHETIC NATURE HAS TRIUMPHED. SHE'S GONE TO JOIN THE LOTUS. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT KNOW ABOUT IT.



NO, I DON'T! IF I CAN HELP GET HER BACK I'LL DO ANYTHING. I STILL WANT HER, NO MATTER WHAT CRAZ OUTFIT SHE'S MIXED UP IN. ONCE WE'RE TOGETHER I CAN MAKE HER FORGET THOSE DARN THINGS. WHATEVER SHE DID I WANT HER BACK. YOU UNDERSTAND? I'LL DO ANYTHING!



BRUCE NELSON RETURNED TO HIS APARTMENT WHERE HE WAS GREETED BY SING LEE.

HIGH HAT AND TAILS TONIGHT?

NOPE. YOU AND I ARE GOING PLACES.



GET OUT MY OLD BLACK SEAMEN'S SWEATER AND PEA JACKET — AND THAT BOSUN'S CAP I USED TO WEAR IN PEARL PORTS. YOU GET DRESSED UP LIKE A NEWARK CHINK IN TOWN FOR A PIPE AND A FROLIC.

NEW YORK CHINKS GO TO NEWARK FOR FUN. MULBERRY STREET BETTER THAN MOTT STREET.



ALL SET. — WE'LL GO DOWN THERE SEPERATELY. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU IN FRONT OF THE FLOWER GARDEN. SOON AS YOU SEE ME, START OUT. NO TOURISTS' SPOT. YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.



SURE MIKE! — HOW ME LOOK? TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME?



DOWN UNDER THE SNAKE-LIKE CURVE OF THE L STRUCTURE NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN WAS SPREAD OVER SEVERAL BLOCKS OF NARROW STREETS LIKE THE SPOKES OF A BROKEN FAN. IT WAS THERE THAT BRUCE NELSON SAW SINGLEE'S LITHE FIGURE SHUFFLE ACROSS THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE FLOWER GARDEN, TURN INTO A DARK COBBLE-STONE ALLEY. NELSON STROLLED AFTER HIM.

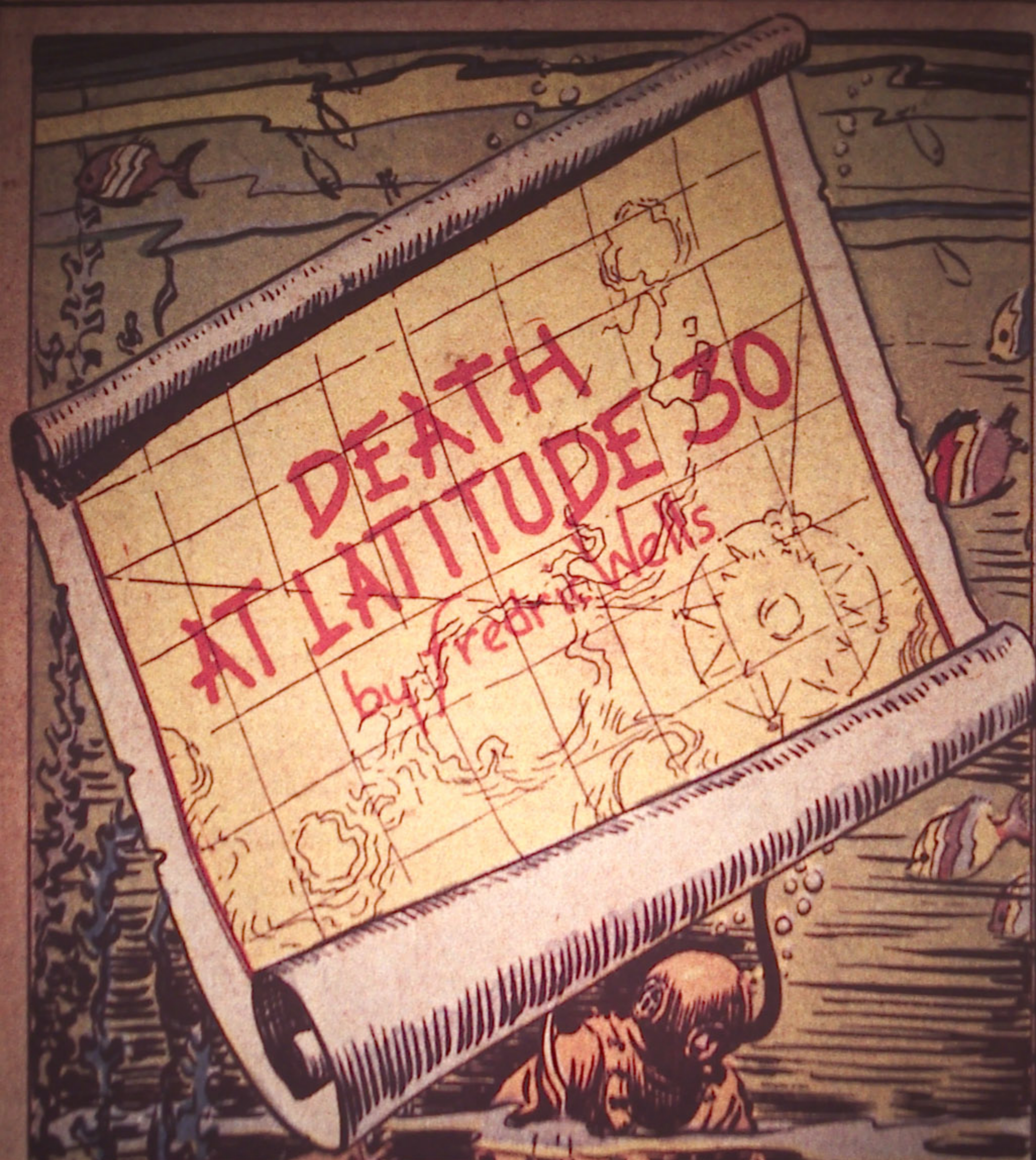



HALFWAY DOWN THE ALLEY SINGLEE TURNED IN AT A DARK DOORWAY. THERE WAS A SMALL WIZENED CHINAMAN STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, A CIGARETTE DANGLING FROM HIS LIP. SINGLEE GAVE HIM A COIN AND PASSED ON.




BRUCE NELSON FOLLOWED, PASSED A COIN TO THE MAN IN THE ENTRANCE AND WENT ON IN.







Jed Jackson and Tim O'Connor found that raising sunken treasure was one thing, and that holding on to it was another. Sometimes you even have to dive twice for it.



JED JACKSON listened intently, waiting for the word from the diver three hundred feet beneath the keel of the ship. Sailors, hunched to the waist, their bronzed bodies glistening with sweat beneath the tropical sun, labored at the air pumps. A slight change in the pressure of the life-giving oxygen meant horrible death to the man below.

A hollow, metallic voice came from the depths. "I've got it. Let your winch go, but easy. The thing must weigh five hundred pounds, and I don't want it to pin me on one of these pieces of rotten lumber."

"Good boy, Tim!" Jed said into the transmitter. His own hand scraped the lever that operated the winch. He eased it forward almost imperceptibly, and the drum turned, taking up the slack steel cable.

Everybody aboard "The Hunter" knew that the labor of months was about to bear fruit; months of weary searching for the wreck on the dark floor of the ocean, months of disappointment when storms drove them away from their work, months of hacking and chopping away at the wreck of the old Spanish galleon in an effort to locate the supposed treasure room. All the work had to be done under terrific pressure, treacherous currents, and in the face of constant danger from shark and octopus. Sometimes they had begun to wonder whether even two million dollars in sunken treasure would make up for the heartbreak of the search.

But now all that was forgotten. A part of the past. Eager faces fixed the rail, straining eyes into

the cobalt waters as the cable piled up on the drum.

Again the voice came through the phone to Jed Johnson. "She's all clear now, and sailing up easy. Wish I could be topside to see the grand opening!"

"Sorry, old man," answered Jed, "but we'll have to bring you up by very easy stages, you've been down there too long, and we don't want to take any chances on your getting the bends at this stage of the game."

"You can start lifting me now, anyway. I'm on the platform."

Another winch lifted the diving platform fifty feet, and then stopped. Tim O'Connor would have to sit patiently for an hour before he could be raised another fifty feet from the ocean floor.

A great shout went up from the men on deck as a shiny, square object broke water at the side of the ship and dangled in midair. Jed touched another lever and the cable swung inward. Eager hands eased the chest to the deck, and the men stood about quivering with expectancy as Jed approached with a sharp prying bar.

"Those old Spaniards knew how to build things that would last," he said as he scraped slime and barnacles off the chest. "Three hundred years haven't been able to break down this package."

As he labored he became more and more aware of the great strength of the old chest. The hammered iron bands were firm, and the wood, treated three centuries before with a heavy tar paint, had resisted the ravages of time and water. At last, however, he drove the sharp edge of the iron between

the lid and cover, and put his weight to it. With a report like that of a gun, the chest burst open. And there, dazzlingly alive in the brassy sunlight, lay a fortune in gold and precious stones: diamonds, rubies, emeralds, a mad jumble of precious color.

Lola Mendez' eyes dilated with appreciation of the sight. "At last, Señor Jackson," she said, "our quest is ended. Can you still doubt the authenticity of the map?"

A little crestfallen, Jed answered: "No, I can't, Miss Mendez. When we located the wreck, I was ready to admit that the map was no phony, but I must admit that I still had my doubts about any treasure being aboard. Now I've got to admit that the map was as good as gold—and diamonds!"

"More than two million dollars worth," Lola Mendez said slowly, and the words trickled from her tongue rapturously.

Later, sitting alone in his cabin as the ship ploughed homeward through swelling seas, Jed had time to review the whole story.

He certainly hadn't been too impressed when Lola Mendez had first approached him with plans for the treasure hunt; there were always plenty of "cranks" who had what purported to be authentic maps showing the location of sunken treasures, but Jed knew from bitter experience that most of the charts were worthless. At that time he had just finished a diving job with a millionaire whose interest in searching for treasures was greater than his expectancy of ever actually locating one.

illustrated by creig flessel



• JED JACKSON •

Then Lola, who claimed to be directly descended from the old Spanish Conquistadors of Central America, came to Jed with her map. One of her ancestors, she said, had been aboard the galleon when the great English privateer, Sir Francis Drake, sank it. He had managed to make his way to shore on an improvised raft of driftwood, and had then prepared the map showing the location of the sunken Spanish treasure ship. Then hundreds of years passed before the development of equipment which would make it possible to go down to the wreck.

Lola had offered him a half interest in the undertaking which, if successful, would net him something in the neighborhood of a million dollars. That, and the fact that it would give him his first chance to head an expedition of his own, finally decided Jed to team up with the Spanish girl.

He got in touch with Tim O'Connor, one of the best divers ever to come out of the navy, and together they scraped together enough money to charter a small

ship and outfit her with the necessary equipment.

And now they had the treasure, two million dollars worth of gold and jewels. All they had to do was to get it back to dry land. Suddenly a cold chill swept over Jed Jackson. Suppose, by some mischance, the "Huntress" should sink? Jed wasn't a greedy man, but the thought of a million dollars slipping through his fingers brought beads of perspiration to his brow.

At two A.M. Jed was awakened by somebody shaking his shoulder excitedly. He blinked through the gloom and recognized Tim O'Connor.

"Have you seen Harris?" Tim asked.

Jed hadn't.

"I went to his cabin a few minutes ago to borrow some pipe tobacco," Tim went on, "but he wasn't there. I thought that was kinda funny, so I looked for him. Jed, he's not anywhere on the ship!"

Jed leaped from his berth and

pulled on a pair of dungarees. Then he and Tim again searched the craft from bow to stern. Harris was not to be found. Those off watch were roused from their sleep, but nobody could shed any light on the disappearance.

Jed put the little ship about, and for the rest of the night they cruised slowly about the wide expanse of ocean, searchlights stabbing the darkness in a vain effort to pick up some sight of a bobbing head. Shortly after daybreak the search was abandoned. There could no longer be any doubt about it—Harris was gone, lost at sea.

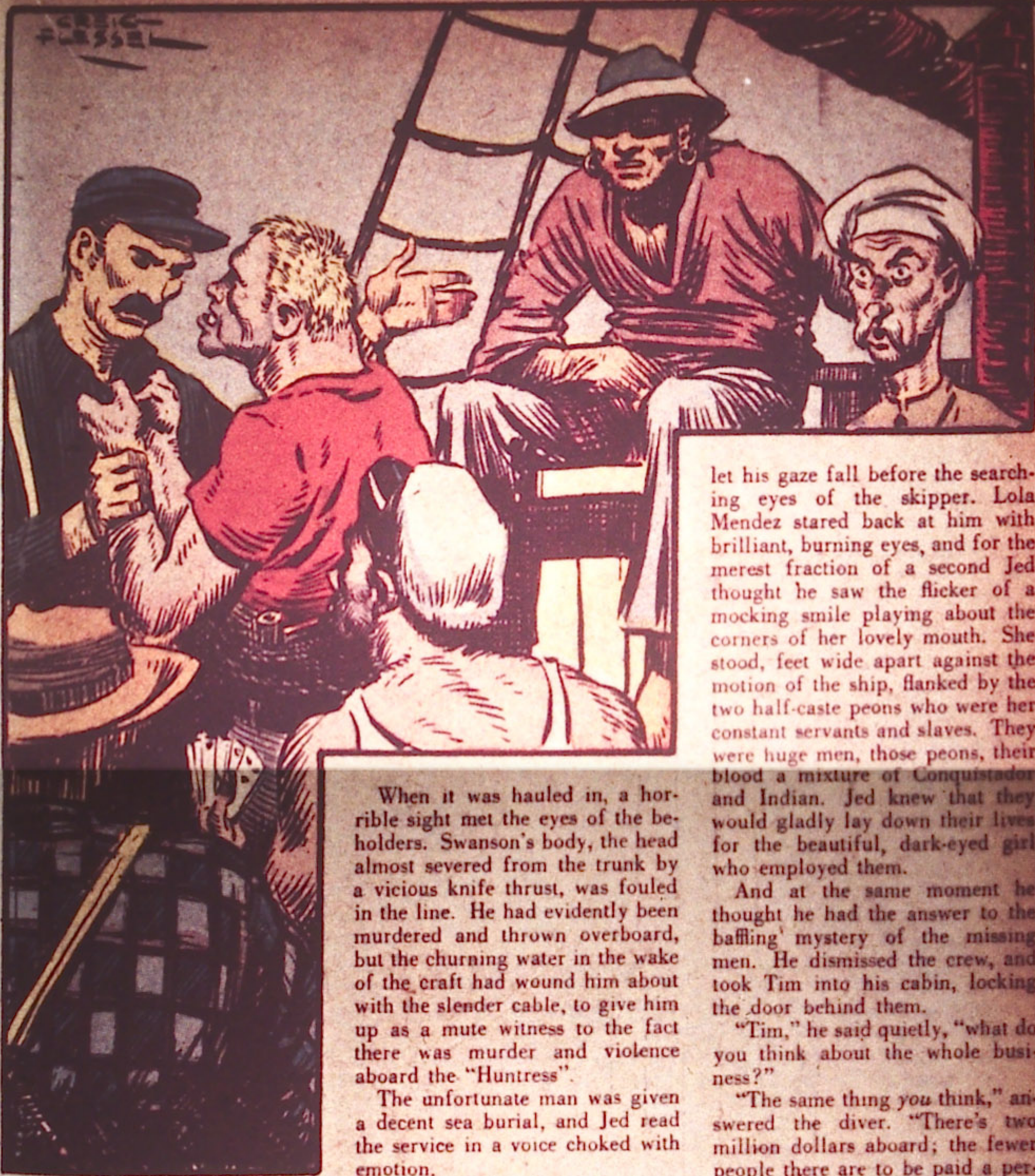
A heavy spirit of gloom hung over the ship all day. Harris had been popular with the crew, and had been with Jed on many a hazardous undertaking. He had been a sort of man whom you could trust absolutely, and Jed Jackson felt his loss keenly. Still, there was nothing to be done about it now; he was gone, washed or fallen overboard.

That day another incident arose that was later to take on a more ghastly aspect.

Five or six of the sailors were engaging in a card game, and one of those arguments arose between two of them. It was a question of cheating, and the worst part of it was that the two men involved had heretofore been very good friends. Still, it happened. One of the men made a dangerous remark, and tempers flared. The other leaped upon him, and force was necessary to drag them apart. The affair seemed, then, to simmer down, though both men glowered at each other all day, and muttered dire threats.

Next morning both were missing.

Jed and Tim were troubled. There was something very strange about three men being lost at sea in two nights. But everybody said that this last affair was easily explained: late at night the two quarrelers had undoubtedly repaired to the deserted after-deck to fight out their grudge, and had fallen overboard while fighting. It seemed a reasonable enough explanation.



When it was hauled in, a horrible sight met the eyes of the beholders. Swanson's body, the head almost severed from the trunk by a vicious knife thrust, was fouled in the line. He had evidently been murdered and thrown overboard, but the churning water in the wake of the craft had wound him about with the slender cable, to give him up as a mute witness to the fact there was murder and violence aboard the "Huntress".

The unfortunate man was given a decent sea burial, and Jed read the service in a voice choked with emotion.

Then he ordered everybody on deck and addressed them:

"You all know that Swanson was murdered. *Somebody* among you is the murderer. I aim to find out who it is, and you all know the penalty for murder on the high seas; it hasn't changed since the days of clipper ships. The penalty is hanging from the yardarm of a ship!"

His eyes swept the line of men before him, but not one of his men

let his gaze fall before the searching eyes of the skipper. Lola Mendez stared back at him with brilliant, burning eyes, and for the merest fraction of a second Jed thought he saw the flicker of a mocking smile playing about the corners of her lovely mouth. She stood, feet wide apart against the motion of the ship, flanked by the two half-caste peons who were her constant servants and slaves. They were huge men, those peons, their blood a mixture of Conquistador and Indian. Jed knew that they would gladly lay down their lives for the beautiful, dark-eyed girl who employed them.

And at the same moment he thought he had the answer to the baffling mystery of the missing men. He dismissed the crew, and took Tim into his cabin, locking the door behind them.

"Tim," he said quietly, "what do you think about the whole business?"

"The same thing *you* think," answered the diver. "There's two million dollars aboard; the fewer people there are to be paid a percentage, that much more for those who are left."

"But the crew are only cut in for one half of one per cent apiece," Jed protested.

"Sure," agreed Tim, "but four times one half of one per cent of two million dollars is forty thousand bucks. There have been lots of people bumped off for lots less money than that. Besides, the stakes are going to get bigger."

"Meaning me?"

BUT there was no explaining the fourth tragedy.

It might have been as baffling as the others but for a rare tick of fate. When seaman Swanson was found to be missing on the third morning, Jed noticed that the log-line, trailing from the stern of the ship, seemed to be acting strangely; it dove, twisted and swung, behaving as no other log-line had ever acted before.

"Yes. I'm pretty safe, 'cause I get my end of it out of your share. I'm your hired man, so to speak. But Lola, if anything should happen to you, would get the whole business, with the exception of what little she has to pay out to the crew—if there's any crew left."

"I hate to think it of her," mused Jed, "but I don't see any other way to figure it. Swanson's throat had been cut. I don't believe there's a man in our crew who would have killed a man like that. So it must have been one of Lola's peons—they're handy with knives, those fellows. Still, of course, we have nothing to go on but our suspicions. All we can do is watch them like hawks and wait for one of 'em to make a false move."

"Right," said Tim.

JED rose and turned the key in the lock. Immediately the door swung inward and Lola Mendez stepped into the cabin. In her hand was an automatic pistol of heavy calibre. It looked almost funny in such a slim hand, but there was nothing funny about her voice as she said:

"You will please remain quietly here. Already your crew has been locked below decks, so you can expect no aid from them. You will be able to break free some time after my men and I have been removed from the ship by a power launch which is even now coming swiftly toward us. We will, naturally, take the chest with us."

"So it is true, after all," said Jed.

"Certainly, you fool!" the girl

hissed. "Did you think I would let the wealth of my ancestors fall into the hands of strangers? Gold and jewels that my forefathers fought and bled for in the wilds of Mexico—they are mine, mine!"

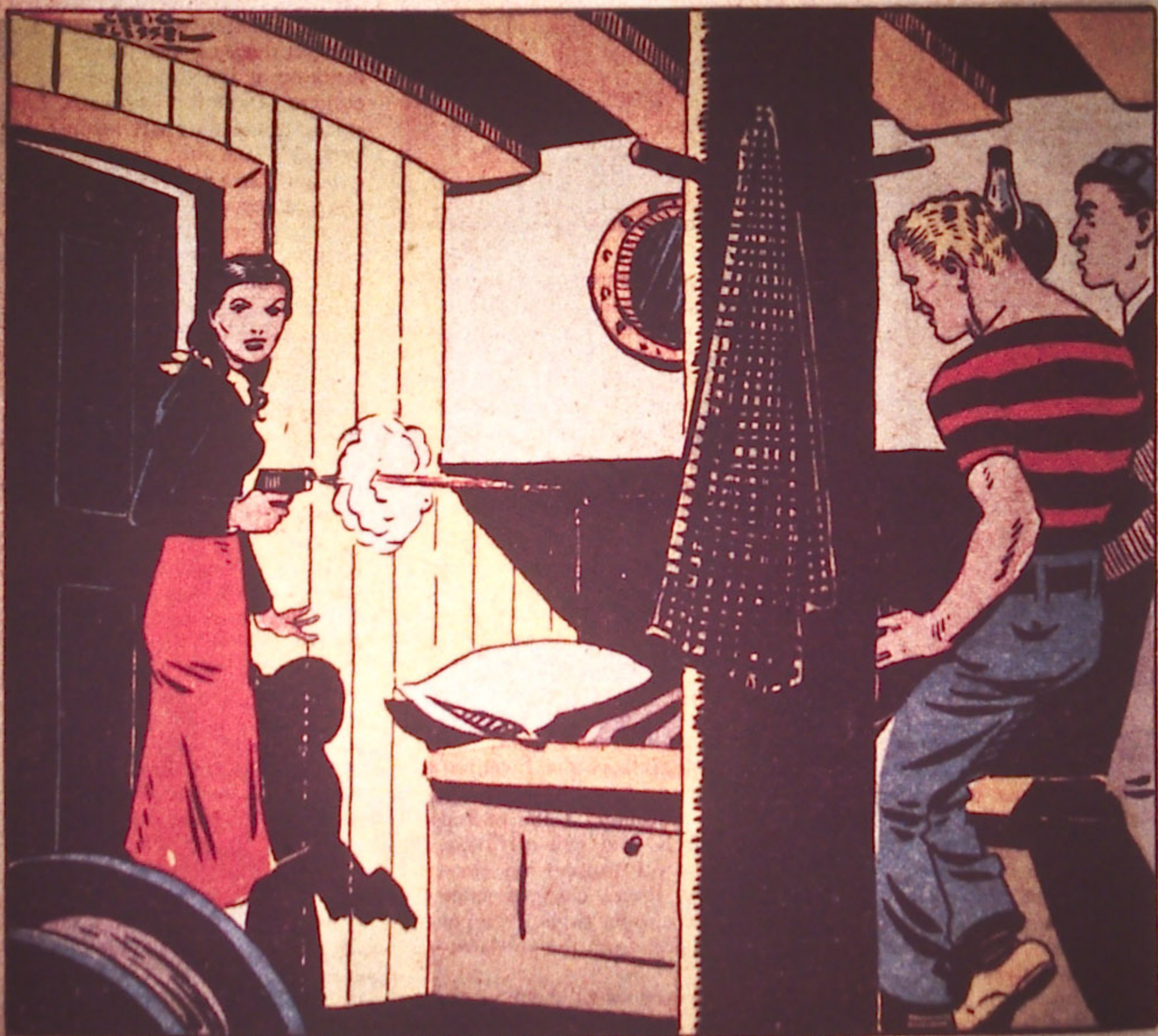
"And the four men who went overboard?" prompted Tim.

"Ah, very sad," said Lola Mendez. "They were honest men, and it cost them their lives. We approached them for help in taking the ship from you, and they refused to help us. Very sad . . ."

Involuntarily Jed lunged forward.

Coolly Lola tightened her trigger finger. In the small cabin the roar of the gun was deafening. A slug hit Jed in the shoulder and knocked him, stunned, to the floor.

Lola stood with her back to the





• LOLA •

door and removed the key, inserting it again on the outside. With the gun still trained on Tim she backed over the threshold and quickly locked the door.

Tim bent over Jed, who was coming to. The slug had done no permanent damage; simply a painful wound in the fleshy part of the arm. With skillful fingers Tim bound it up with bandages from a small medicine kit.

"Hurry!" urged Jed. "We might still be able to stop 'em!"

"Not while you're bleeding to death!" said Tim.

A moment later Jed was on his feet and groping in a closet.

"The lady forgets that there are more than one kind of keys," he gritted.

"She's crazy, Jed," said Tim. "She's stark, staring mad!"

From the closet Jed produced several guns and pistols. He took up a heavy automatic much like the one used by Lola, and approached the door. He held the muzzle of the gun an inch from the lock and fired. The bullet almost tore the door from its hinges. Tim gathered up the other firearms and sprang through the door right behind Jed.

There was no one in sight on this side of the ship.

"Free the crew!" Jed shouted. "If the murderers are still on the ship maybe I can hold 'em until you come up!"

Without question Tim dove through a companionway to the lower deck of the ship. While sickening darts of pain stabbed through his wounded shoulder, Jed ran swiftly to starboard. As he rounded a bulkhead he saw the swarthy face of one of the peons just disappearing over the edge of the ship.

THERE was no time to take careful aim, but Jed was a dead shot. He fired. There was a scream of anguish, then the sound of a heavy body falling into the sea, and immediately the roar of powerful motors as a launch swept away from the side of the ship.

Jed heard the sound of many feet pounding up the companionways, and the sailors burst upon the deck, some of them armed with the guns that Tim had carried below. One of them carried a long-barrelled Very pistol, the sort used to fire flares into the air from a vessel in distress.

The escaping murderers crouched low in the launch. They were poor targets for the men who fired wildly at them with pistols and rifles. But the man with the Very pistol, who had been cursing the ineffectiveness of his hastily-grabbed weapon, held the key to the

situation. He shot it point blank at the smaller boat.

The calcium flare blazed through the air straight into the launch, and gasoline fumes in the bilge ignited. Almost at once the power-boat burst into flames, and then it seemed to disintegrate with a terrific explosion. When the smoke cleared there was nothing on the sea but torn pieces of wood.

"That's the end of Lola Mendez and her killers," said Tim.

"And the two million dollars," answered Jed. "That went to the bottom too."

Tim O'Connor grinned.

"What of it?" he asked. "This is shoal water, not more than a hundred feet deep. We can raise it again in no time. Anyway, it's a lot more fun *lookin'* for treasure than *havin'* it! Hey, some of you fellas! Drop the hook, and plant a buoy over that wreck. We're goin' to dive for treasure!"

THE END



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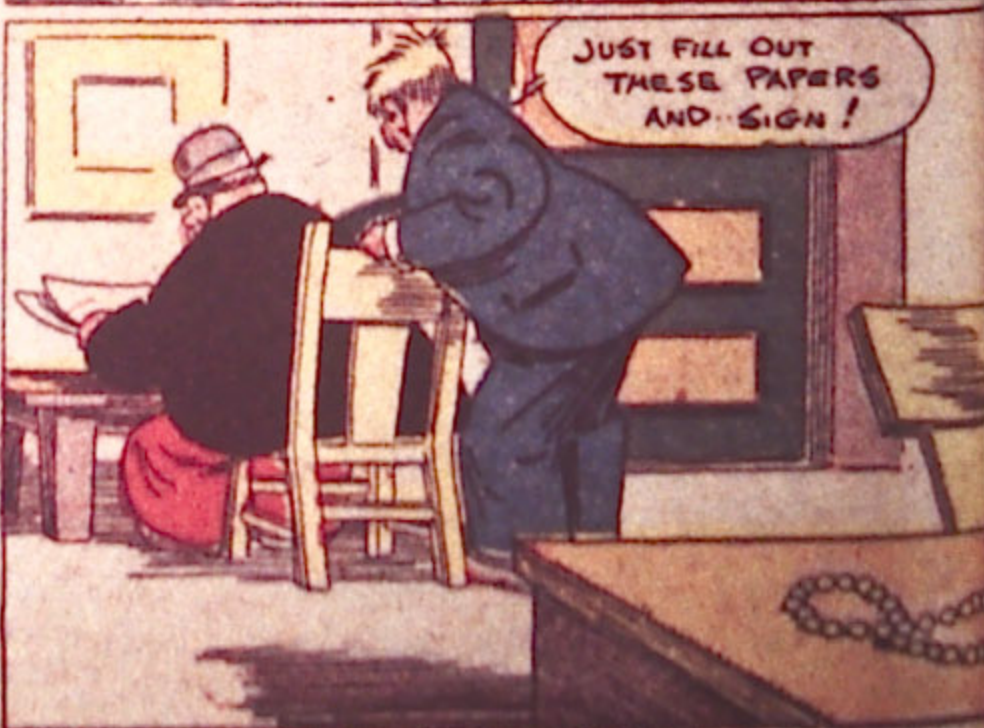
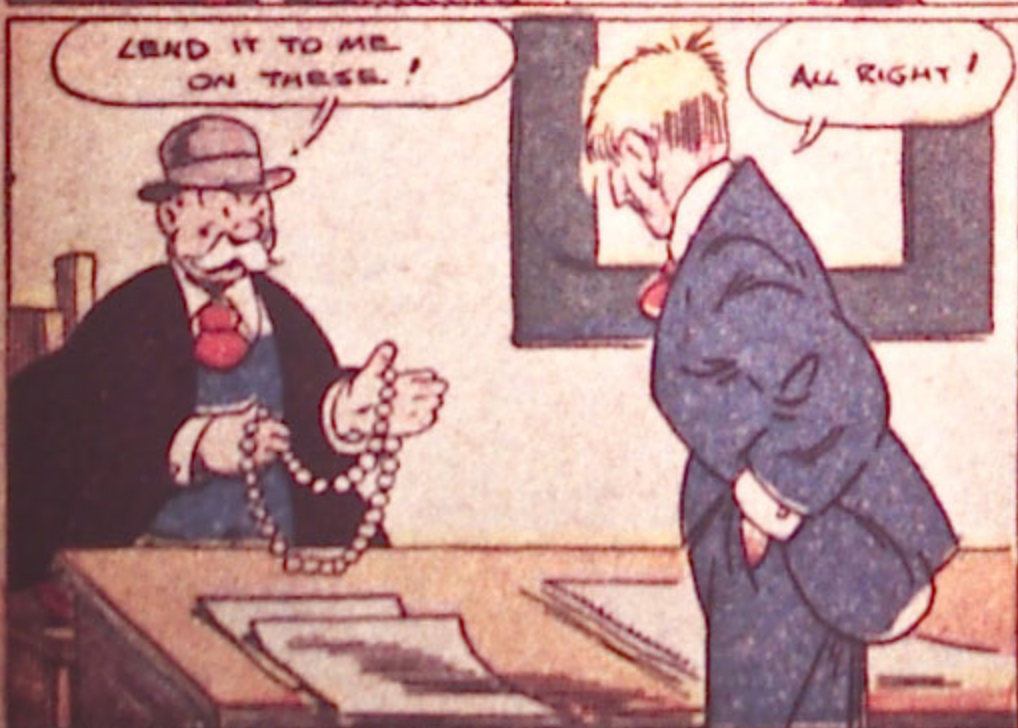
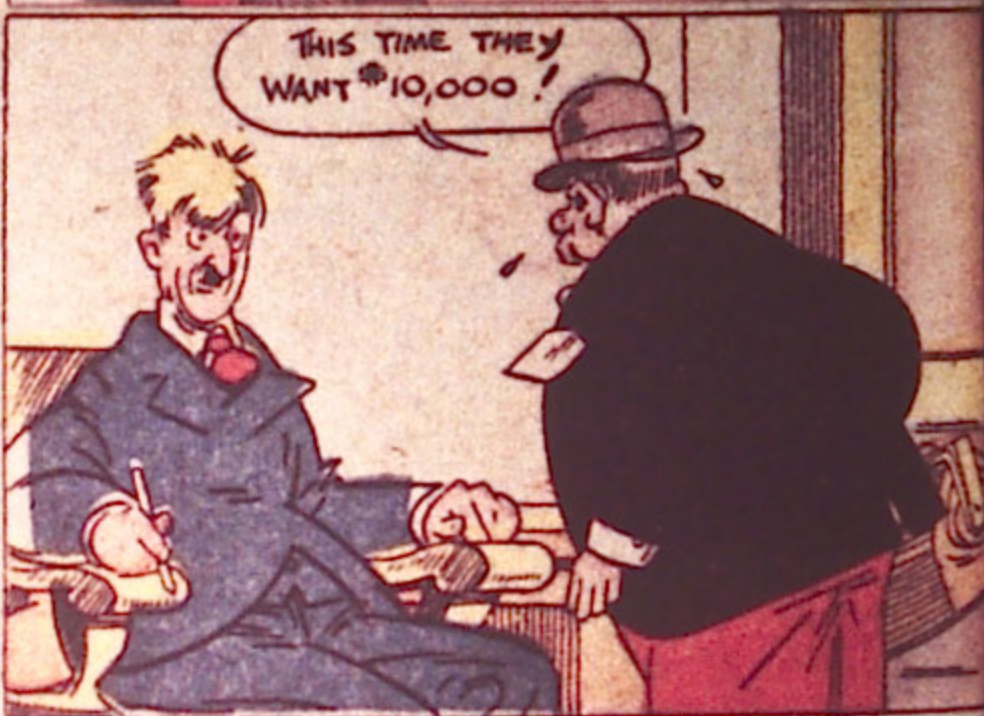
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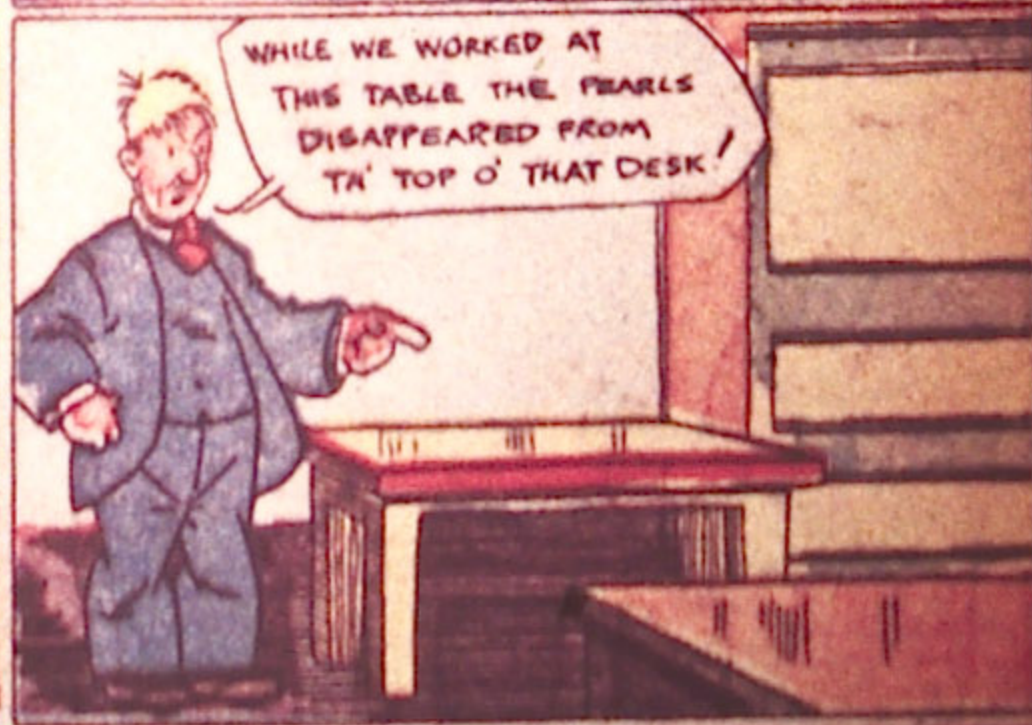
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JONES - REAL ESTATE!



I'LL TELL MR. JONES
YOU'RE HERE!



MR. JONES, I UNDERSTAND
YOU'RE QUITE A
FISHERMAN?



I'M AFRAID YOU'VE
BEEN MISINFORMED!



THINK HARD!
DIDN'T YOU LAND
QUITE A STRING-
O' BEAUTIES JUST
RECENTLY?

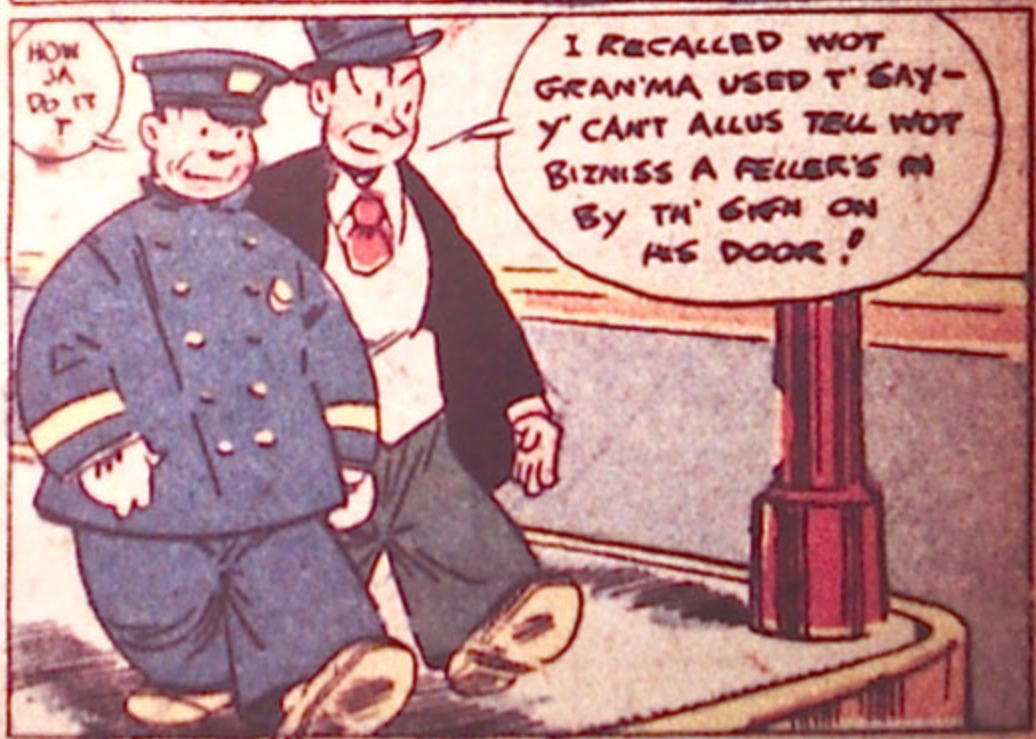
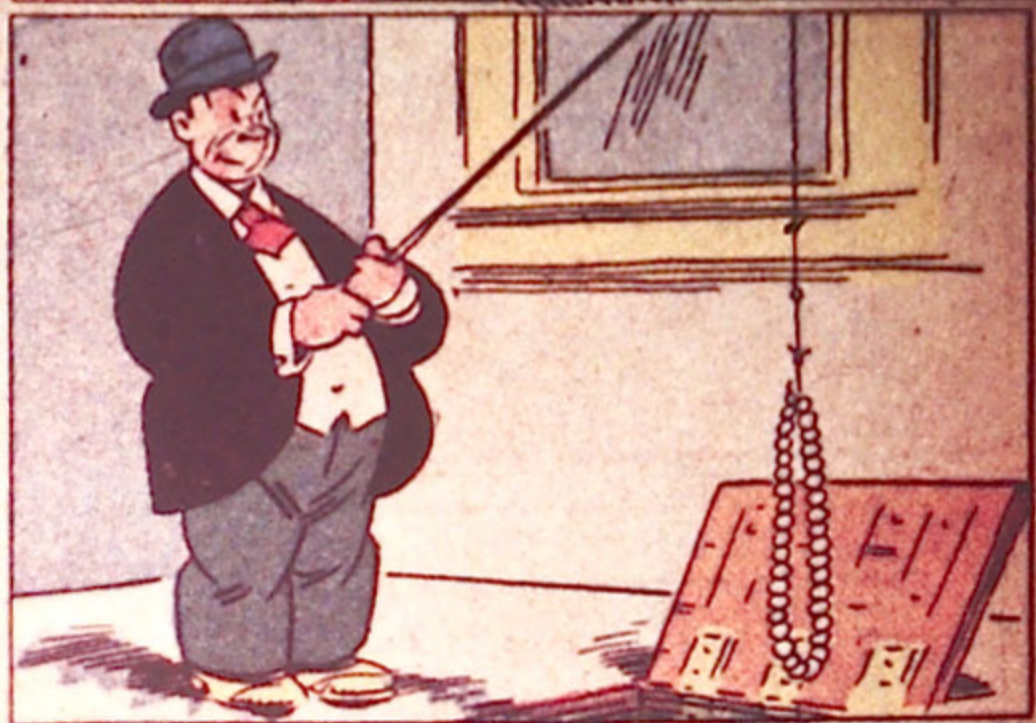
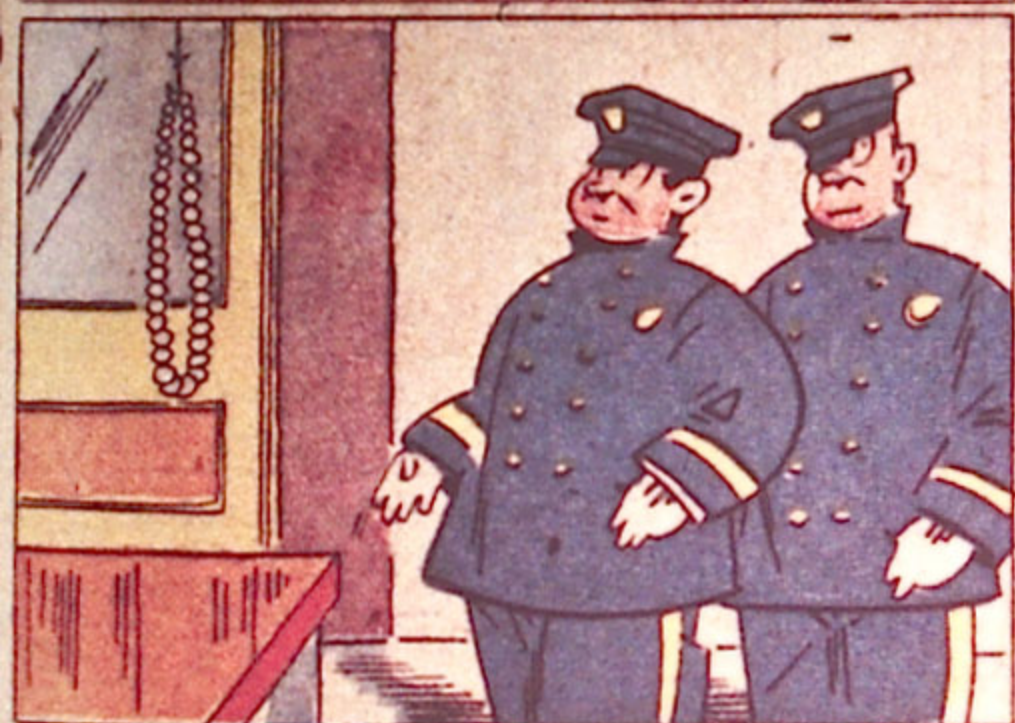
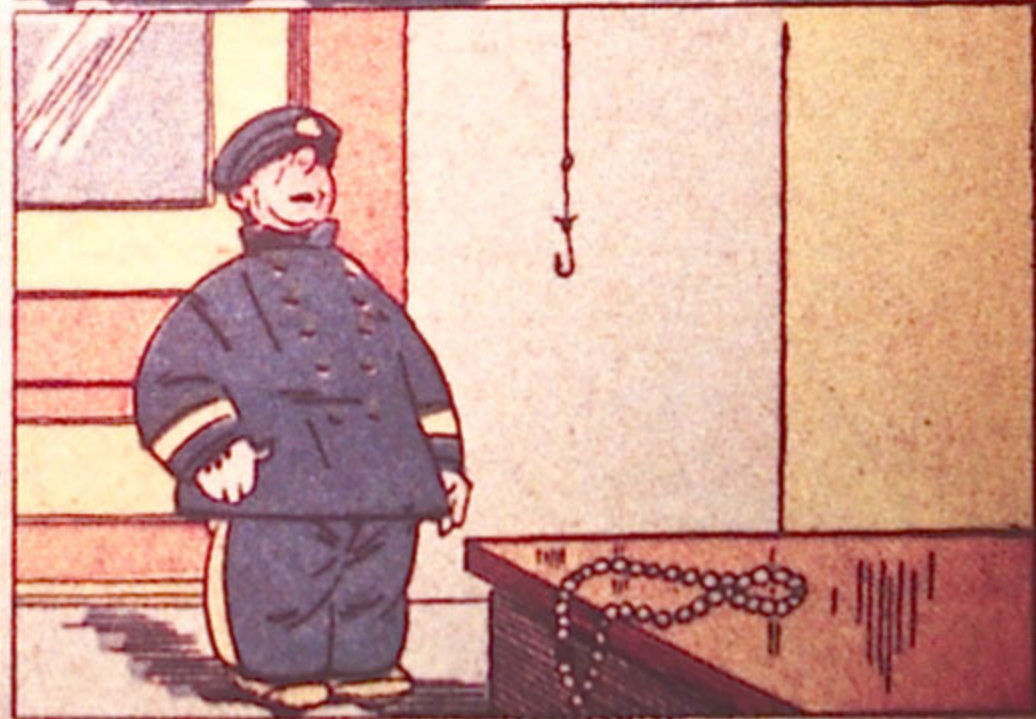


IN FACT, HAVEN'T YOU
A PRIVATE FISHING
HOLE RIGHT NEAR
HERE?



ARE YOU OUT OF
YOUR HEAD? ONE
MINUT! THE PHONE'S
RINGING IN NEXT
ROOM!





SPY

by JEROME
SIEGEL and
JOE SHUSTER.

TWO DAYS AGO I DISPATCHED AGENT R-42 TO PURLOIN SOME IMPORTANT DISPATCHES FROM THE TALVANIAN EMBASSY. HAVING HEARD NO WORD FROM HIM, I'M AFRAID HE'S IN TROUBLE! -- I WANT YOU TWO TO INVESTIGATE AND ASSIST HIM IF HE NEEDS HELP!

YOU CAN
RELY ON US
CHIEF!



BUT WHEN THE EMBASSY IS REACHED...

PARK YOURSELF RIGHT
HERE! THIS IS TOO
DANGEROUS FOR YOU
TO MIX INTO! I'M
GOING THIS SOLO!

WELL, OF ALL
THE NERVE!



LEAVING AN INDIGNANT SALLY, BART ENTERS THE EMBASSY ALONE --

YOU WISH
TO SEE...?

YOUR AMBASSADOR!
IT'S IMPORTANT!



BART IS LED
INTO
THE
AMBASSADOR'S
PRESENCE...

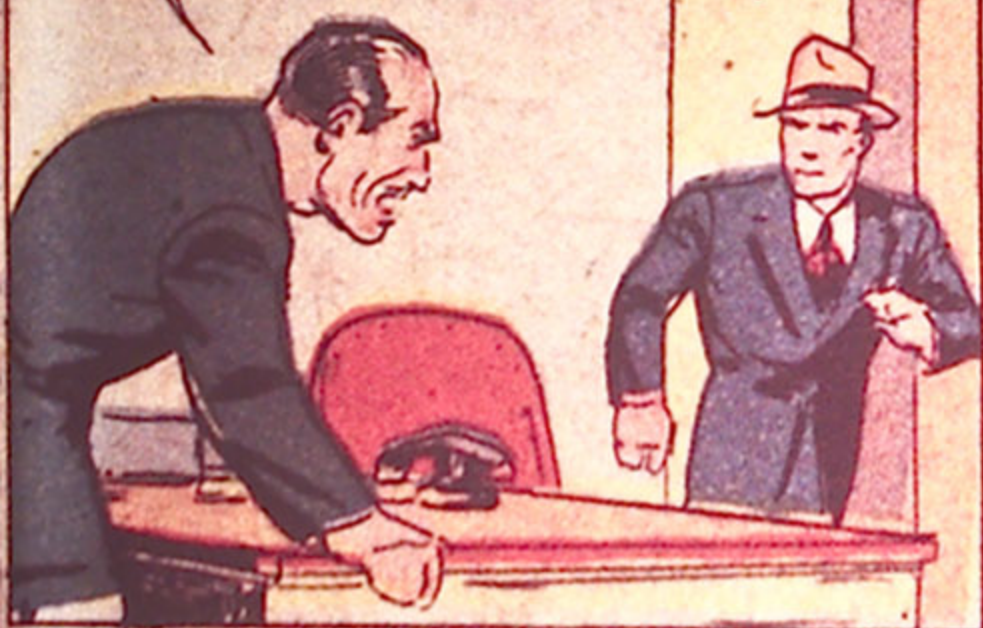
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
IMPORTANT
TO TELL ME?

YES. AND NOT ONLY TO TELL
YOU, BUT TO SELL YOU! WHAT IS MORE
IMPORTANT TO A MAN THAN FOOT-
COMFORT? WELL, I HAVE HERE WITH
ME A BARGAIN-PRICED FOOT-POWDER
THAT I GUARANTEE WILL...



GET OUT!
OFF ALL THE
COLOSSAL GALL!
-- WASTING MY
TIME LIKE THIS!

YOU NEEDN'T
GET VIOLENT.
I'M GOING.



BUT WHEN HE REACHES THE ENTRANCE,
INSTEAD OF LEAVING THE EMBASSY, BART
HIDES BEHIND THE DOOR.

IF I DON'T MISS
MY GUESS, THINGS
SHOULD START
HAPPENING ANY
SECOND NOW!



A MOMENT LATER --

I TELL YOU,
I'M POSITIVE HE
DIDN'T LEAVE!

ANOTHER
SPY! QUICK!
FOLLOW ME!



BART CLOSELY SHADOWS THE TWO, UNTIL
THEY HURRIEDLY ENTER A CERTAIN
ROOM. THEN HE KNEELS AND PEERS
THRU THE KEY-HOLE...

WHAT LUCK!
THEY'VE LED ME
STRAIGHT TO
R-42!



WITHIN
THE
ROOM...

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!
TELL US WHERE YOU HID
THE STOLEN DISPATCHES WHEN
WE CAUGHT YOU, OR YOU
DIE ON THE SPOT, BEFORE
RESCUE CAN COME!

I'LL TELL
YOU NOTHING!




WITH NOT A SECOND TO SPARE, BART
FLINGS THE DOOR OPEN AND SPRINGS
INTO THE ROOM!


KEEP 'EM
RAISED!




I WOULD SUGGEST
YOU RAISE
YOURS!



SPLENDID,
NICOLO! HE
FELL NEATLY
INTO OUR TRAP.




YOU REFUSE TO SPEAK TO SAVE
YOUR OWN LIFE. BUT WOULD
YOU REMAIN SILENT IF I'M
DOING SO YOU SENTENCE
YOUR WOULD-BE RESCUER
TO DEATH? -- SPEAK!
AND QUICKLY-- OR
I'LL HAVE HIM SHOT!




YOU HAD BETTER
URGE YOUR FRIEND
TO TALK!



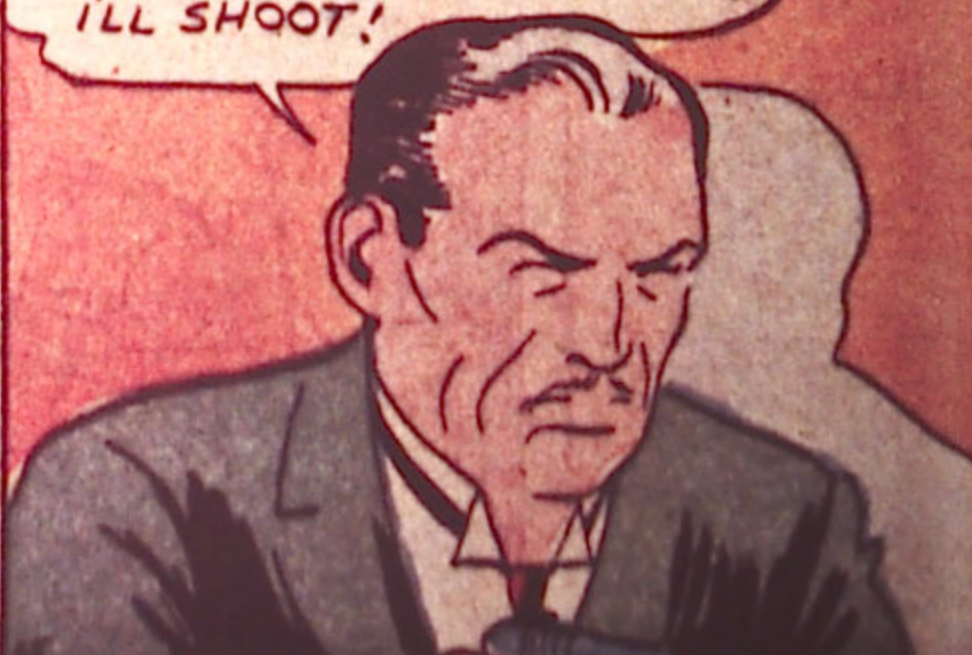
I—I---



DON'T, R-42!
DON'T TELL THEM
A THING!



THIS DISPLAY OF LOYALTY
AND HEROISM IS VERY
TOUCHING, BUT I GIVE
YOU MY WORD -- UNLESS
THE HIDING PLACE OF THE
DOCUMENT IS REVEALED TO
ME WITHIN THREE SECONDS,
I'LL SHOOT!



SALLY, DISREGARDING BART'S ORDERS, HAD PROWLED UP A FIRE-ESCAPE NOW, EXTRACTING A PECULIAR OBJECT FROM HER HAND-BAG, SHE GOES INTO ACTION!



PROTECTED BY INSULATED GOGGLES, SALLY ENTERS THE ROOM THRU THE WINDOW, FREES R-42 WITH A KEY SHE EXTRACTS FROM THE AMBASSADOR'S POCKET, AND LEADS BART AND THE RESCUED AGENT BACK TO THE FIRE-ESCAPE!



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WITH A HISS, SALLY'S MISSILE LANDS DIRECTLY AT THE AMBASSADOR'S FEET! INSTANTLY, CLOUDS OF FUMES ARISE AND THOSE WITHIN THE ROOM ARE RENDERED HELPLESS BY THE TEAR-GAS!



LATER -- AT SPY HEADQUARTERS...

I OUGHT TO WRING YOUR LOVELY LITTLE NECK FOR DISOBEYING MY ORDERS, BUT I'D MUCH RATHER KISS YOU!

THEN FOR HEAVEN'S SAKES STOP TALKING AND GO AHEAD!



THE END

19

Buck MARSHALL

Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING



SILVER AND LEAD

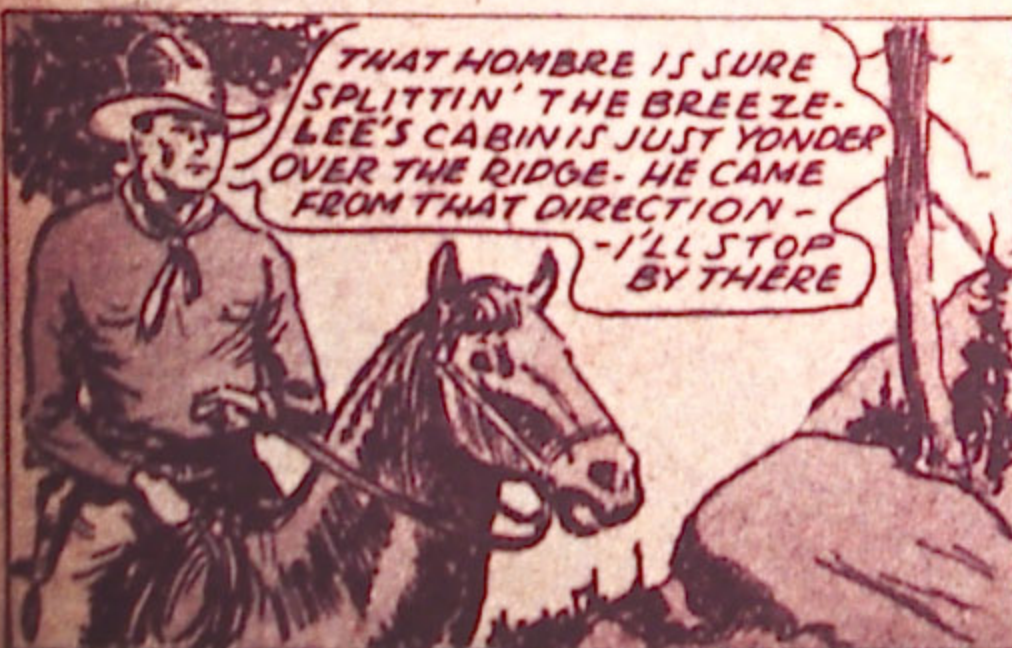
BUCK MARSHALL RANGE DETECTIVE JOGS HIS HORSE ALONG A WILD MOUNTAIN WAY, HEADING ONCE MORE TO SAGE CITY TO SEE HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF-- A GOOD TWO DAYS JOURNEY--



REACHING A POINT WHERE THE TRAIL CROSSES A ROCK-SPOTTED SLOPE, HE HEARS THE SOUND OF RAPID HOOF BEATS.



A MOMENT LATER A RIDER FLASHES INTO VIEW THEN AS SUDDENLY, DISAPPEARS OVER THE EDGE OF A RAVINE--



THAT HOMBRE IS SURE SPLITTING THE BREEZE-- LEE'S CABIN IS JUST YONDER OVER THE RIDGE-- HE CAME FROM THAT DIRECTION--
-I'LL STOP BY THERE



HELLO-LEE!
DON'T LOOK LIKE HE'S AROUND--

SANDY LEE, FORMER CATTLEMAN, HAS TURNED PROSPECTOR, HAVING FOUND SOME DEPOSITS OF SILVER. HE WORKS HIS CLAIM, ALONE--

SO, THE SIDE-WINDER WAS
AFTER THE MONEY LEE
IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE
HIDDEN AWAY!



THE DOOR OF THE CABIN IS PARTLY OPEN-
BUCK WALKS IN - LEE IS LYING IN A CORNER
IN A POOL OF BLOOD - AN OAK CHEST LIES
BOTTOM UPWARD NEARBY, WITH THE
LID PRIED OFF -

WHO DID IT
LEE?

- DONT KNOW - HE WAS
MASKED - TOOK MY - MONEY -
MY - HOSS - NIG - BLACK -
ONE LOP EAR -



AS BUCK BENDS OVER TO EXAMINE
LEE'S WOUND, HE FINDS HE IS STILL BREATH-
ING - OPENING HIS EYES HE RECOGNIZES
BUCK, THEN WITH HIS LAST BREATH, HE
MUMBLES A FEW WORDS -

THAT RIDER I
SAW WAS RIDING
A BLACK HORSE -
SANDY LEE'S



LIFTING THE BODY TO THE BED, BUCK LOOKS
AROUND OUTSIDE, FINDING BUT ONE SET OF
TRACKS - FASTENING THE DOOR, HE SWINGS
INTO THE SADDLE AND STARTS OFF IN HOT
PURSUIT OF THE KILLER - - -



BUCK FOLLOWS THE TRAIL FOR HOURS, THEN
FINALLY IT FADES AS THE HARD FOOTING SHOWS
NO SIGNS, BUT HE PUSHES ON IN THE HOPE OF
PICKING IT UP AGAIN - SUDDENLY HIS HORSE
CRANES ITS NECK, WITH EARS FORWARD AND THEN
COMES TO A FULL STOP - THERE, FIFTY FEET
AHEAD, LIES THE BODY OF A MAN -

I JUDGE YOU WERE
LYING THERE ABOUT
TWO HOURS - WHERE
ARE YOU
HEADING
WADDY?

I'M ON MY WAY TO CLAIM
A SHARE IN THE ROLLING R
SPREAD, LEFT ME IN MY
UNCLE'S WILL - MY
NAME IS
RANDELL



DISMOUNTING, BUCK BENDS OVER THE LIFELESS
FORM AND FINDS IT IS THAT OF A YOUNG COWBOY.
HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT INSENSIBLE FROM A BULLET THAT
HAS CREASED HIS SKULL. WHEN HE REVIVES HE TELLS
BUCK THAT HE WAS BUSH WHACKED BY SOME
UNKNOWN ENEMY -

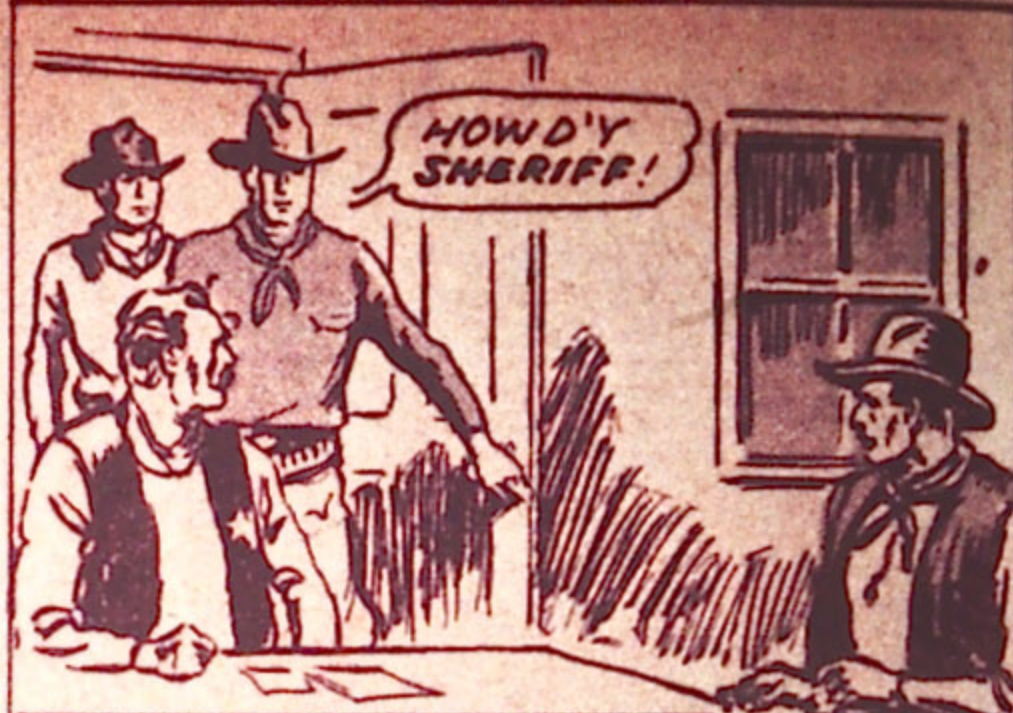
THOSE ARE NIG'S
HOOF TRACKS OR
I'M A HORNED
TOAD - IT'S
THAT SAME
BUZZARD -



BUCK HUNTS AROUND FOR FOOT TRACKS,
FINALLY PICKING UP A TRAIL THAT LEADS
TO A ROCK LEDGE, 50 YARDS ABOVE AND
TO THE LEFT OF THE TRAIL. THE EARTH
IS TRAMPLED AT A POINT BEYOND SHOWING
WHERE THE DRY GULCHER HAD TIED HIS HORSE -



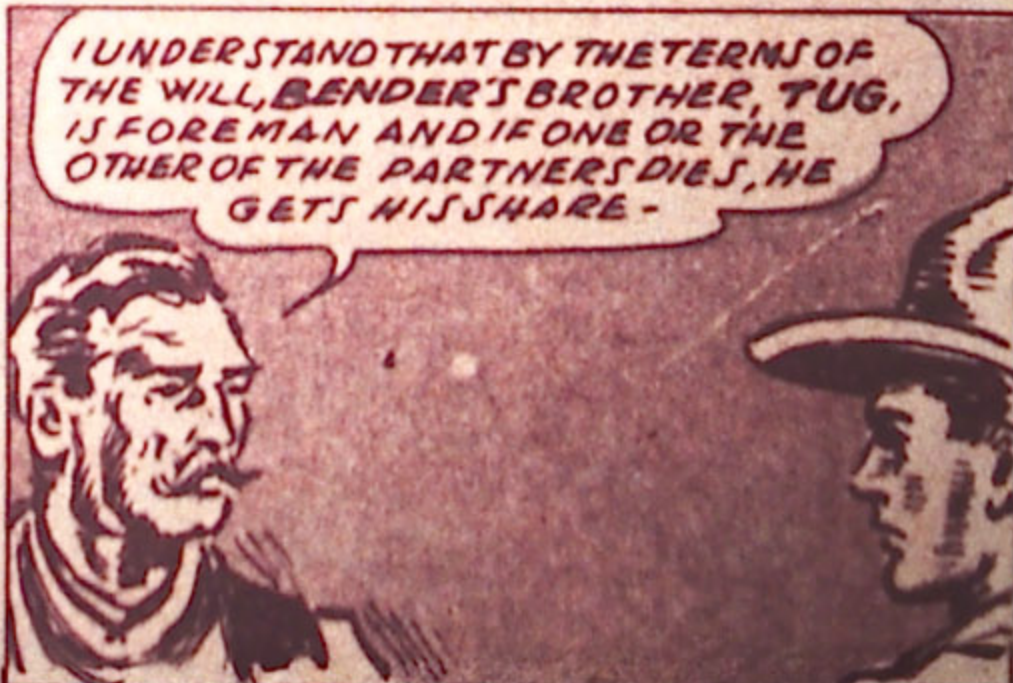
FINDING RANDELL'S HORSE GRAZING NEARBY, BUCK HELPS THE COWBOY, WHO IS STILL A BIT UNSTEADY, INTO THE SADDLE - IN A FEW HOURS THEY ARE IN SAGECITY, HEADING DIRECTLY FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -



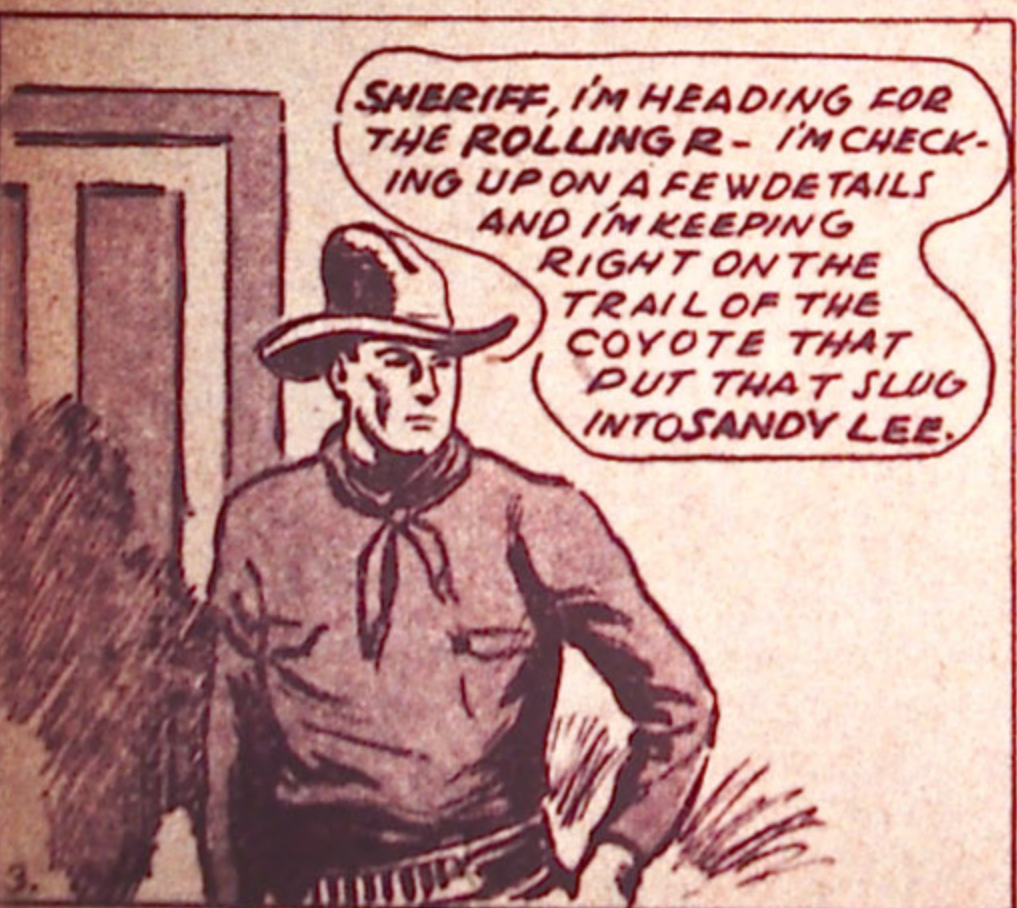
THE SHERIFF IS TALKING TO A CATTLEMAN NAMED JACK BENDER, AS BUCK AND RANDELL ENTER, WHOM HE INTRODUCES AS PARTOWNER OF THE ROLLING R. RANGE.



RANDELL TELLS OF RECEIVING NOTICE, FROM THE LAWYER, OF HIS INHERITANCE OF PART OWNERSHIP OF THE ROLLING R, FROM HIS UNCLE, WHOM HE HAS NEVER SEEN - ALSO, HOW HE HAD TRAVELLED 200 MILES AND THEN IS SUDDENLY BROUGHT DOWN BY A BUSH WHACKER'S BULLET AND KNOWING NOTHING MORE UNTIL HE IS FOUND BY BUCK ---



FINALLY, WHEN RANDELL LEAVES WITH BENDER FOR THE RANCH, THE SHERIFF TELLS BUCK THAT BENDER HAD STATED THAT THE ROLLING R IS LOSING MONEY - BENDER HAD COME TO THE OFFICE TO ASK HIM TO HELP RAISE A LOAN -



RIDING TO THE ROLLING R RANCH, BUCK GOES OUT TO A CORRAL THAT IS SOME DISTANCE BEYOND THE HOUSE - NO ONE IS ABOUT BUT THERE ARE SEVERAL HORSES IN THE CORRAL - PRESENTLY HE SPOTS A BLACK HORSE AMONG THEM AND WALKS OVER TO GET A CLOSER VIEW ---

WHO ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR, COWBOY? I'M THE FOREMAN HERE AND I AIN'T NEEDIN' ANY MORE HANDS-

O. K. BUDDY, I'LL BE DUSTIN' ALONG



SUDDENLY, BUCK SWINGS AROUND AS HE HEARS A FOOT-STEP BEHIND HIM - A MAN WITH A SCOWLING FACE IS ADVANCING TOWARDS HIM -

THAT HONORE MUST BE TUG BENDER - GLAD I DIDN'T AROUSE HIS SUSPICIONS - NOW THEN, I'LL JUST KEEP MY EYE ON THAT BLACK HORSE FOR A SPELL



QUICKLY TAKING HIS LEAVE, BUCK HEADS FOR THE TOP OF A CLIFF OVER-LOOKING THE CORRAL -



THE TRAIL UP THE STEEP SIDE OF THE CLIFF IS VERY ROUGH AND BUCK'S HORSE MAKES IT WITH DIFFICULTY - AT ONE PLACE, A HUGE BOULDER ALMOST COMPLETELY BLOCKS IT - SUDDENLY A ROPE FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR AND BEFORE BUCK CAN WARD IT OFF, IT HAS SETTLED AROUND HIS SHOULDERS -

AMBLE ALONG THAR OR I'LL MAKE YA LOOK LIKE A SIEVE



BUCK'S CAPTOR, WEARING A BANDANNA OVER THE LOWER PART OF HIS FACE, QUICKLY DISARMS HIM, TOSSING HIS GUN INTO THE BUSHES - THEN PRESSING A GUN AGAINST HIS SPINE, HE ORDERS HIM TO WALK AHEAD.

IN ANOTHER MOMENT HE IS PULLED FROM HIS HORSE, LANDING HEAVILY ON HIS BACK, HIS ARMS BOUND TIGHTLY TO HIS SIDES -



IF I HEAR ANY HOLLERIN' OUT OF YA, I'LL WRAP UP YER FACE! I'LL SETTLE WITH YA LATER



STOPPING AT THE STUMP OF AN OLD TREE, THE FELLOW BACKS HIM UP TO IT, BINDING HIM SECURELY WITH A ROPE TO THE THICK TRUNK - THEN HURLING A THREAT, HE LEAVES, DISAPPEARING AMONG THE ROCKS -



I'M GLAD THAT
COYOTE PICKED OUT
THIS OLD HICKORY TO
TIE ME TOO
I THINK I SEE
A WAY OUT -

STRAINING WITH EVERY MUSCLE, BUCK IS UNABLE TO LOOSEN THE ROPE TO FREE HIS ARMS - FINALLY HE FEELS A PIECE OF BARK MOVE FROM THE OLD TREE TRUNK NEAR HIS ELBOW - WITH A GREAT EFFORT HE MANAGES TO MOVE HIS HANDS ENOUGH TO WORK THE BARK LOOSE -



THIS IS A LUCKY
BREAK, AFTER
WALKING INTO
THAT TRAP!

WHEN THE PIECE OF BARK DROPS TO THE GROUND, A LITTLE SLACK IS GIVEN TO THE ROPE, ALLOWING BUCK TO FINALLY FREE AN ARM, THEN IT IS AN EASY MATTER TO LOOSEN THE REST OF THE ROPE -



GOING BACK, HE SEARCHES AROUND IN THE BUSHES AND FINALLY FINDS HIS GUN AND HAT, THEN HE STARTS TO STALK HIS MAN, ADVANCING VERY CAUTIOUSLY -



STEADY THERE!
UP WITH
YOUR
PAWS -

THREADING HIS WAY AMONG THE BOULDERS AND BRUSH, BUCK NOISELESSLY FOLLOWS THE TRAIL, THEN HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE BURLY FORM AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF - HE IS SIGNALING TO SOME ONE AT THE CORRAL BELOW -



YOU LIE THERE AS
THOUGH YOU'RE DEAD -
ONE SOUND OUT OF
YOU AND I'LL
FILL YOU FULL
OF SLUGS!

QUICKLY DISARMING HIS CAPTIVE, HE TIES HIS WRISTS TOGETHER IN FRONT OF HIM, THEN AS HE HEARS A HORSE APPROACHING, HE SHOVS HIM BACK OF A BOULDER AND ORDERS HIM TO LIE, FACE DOWNWARD.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT, TUG BENDER PASSES NEAR THE BOULDER, ON THE BLACK HORSE, BUCK HAD SEEN IN THE CORRAL. HE STOPS ABRUPTLY WHEN HE SEES THE PROSTRATE FORM.

REACH FOR
THE CLOUDS!
YOU'RE WANTED FOR THE
KILLING AND ROBBING
OF SANDY LEE AND
FOR STEALING
HIS HORSE



BUCK LEAPS FROM BEHIND THE BOULDER,
COVERING BENDER WITH HIS SIX-GUN.

YOU AIN'T GOT A THING ON ME -
YOU'VE DRILLED LATIGO THERE - HE'S
THE HOMBRE YOU WANT BUT HE LOOKS
LIKE HE'S PAST TALKIN' -
I'VE BEEN GOIN' TO TURN HIM OVER
TO THE SHERIFF FOR DRY-GULCHIN'
RANDELL AND -



SO YOU THOUGHT
I WAS PAST TALKIN' -
WELL, YOU JEST
LISTEN - I'LL SPILL
THE WHOLE WORKS!
SURE, I PLUGGED LEE
BECAUSE HE CAUGHT
ME IN HIS SHACK AN'
I TOOK HIS HOSS
WHEN MY CAYUSE
BUSTED A LEG!
BUT I DIDN'T
DRY-GULCH
RANDELL!



BENDER GASPS IN AMAZEMENT WHEN
LATIGO SUDDENLY SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET
AND BELLOWS AT HIM, AT THE SAME
TIME STRAINING TO FREE HIS SHACKLED
WRISTS - - -

TUG BENDER KNOWS ALL ABOUT
THAT - HE TOLD ME HE WOULD SEE THAT
RANDELL WOULD NEVER GET TO THE
RANCH, THEN HE WOULD BECOME HIS
BROTHER'S PARTNER AND I WOULD BE
FOREMAN WITH A SHARE IN THE PROFITS
IF I COULD RAISE 500 DOLLARS -



HE TOLD ME THIS
MORNING THAT HE
THOUGHT YOU WAS
WISE - THAT'S WHY
I ROPED YA -

YOU HEARD THAT LEE HAD SOME CASH
HIDDEN IN HIS CABIN SO YOU FIGURED YOU'D
GET IT - I'LL JUST TIE YOU TWO BUZZARDS ON
THIS LOP-EARED BLACK HORSE AND WE'LL
AMBLE ALONG TO THE SHERIFF'S -
HE'LL BE RIGHT GLAD TO SEE
YOU - DON'T START ANYTHING
BECAUSE I'D JUST AS
SOON PLUG YOU
BOTH AS NOT!



SLAM

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

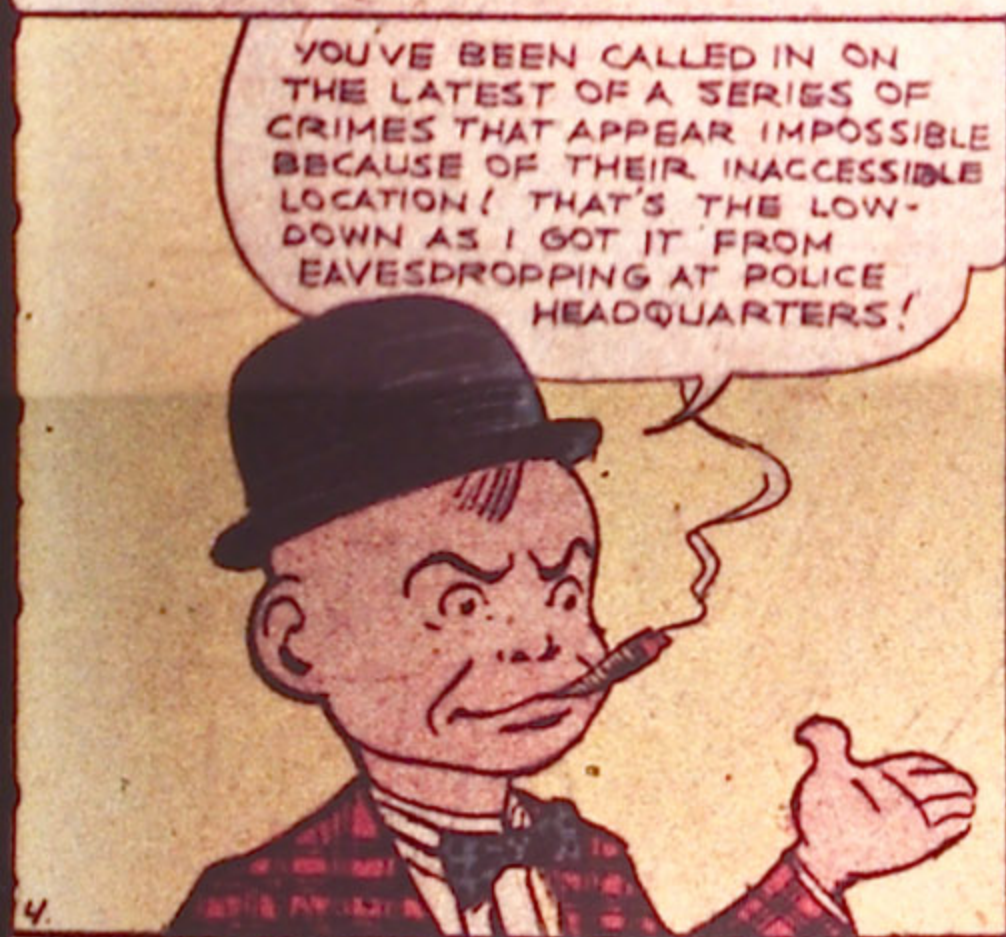
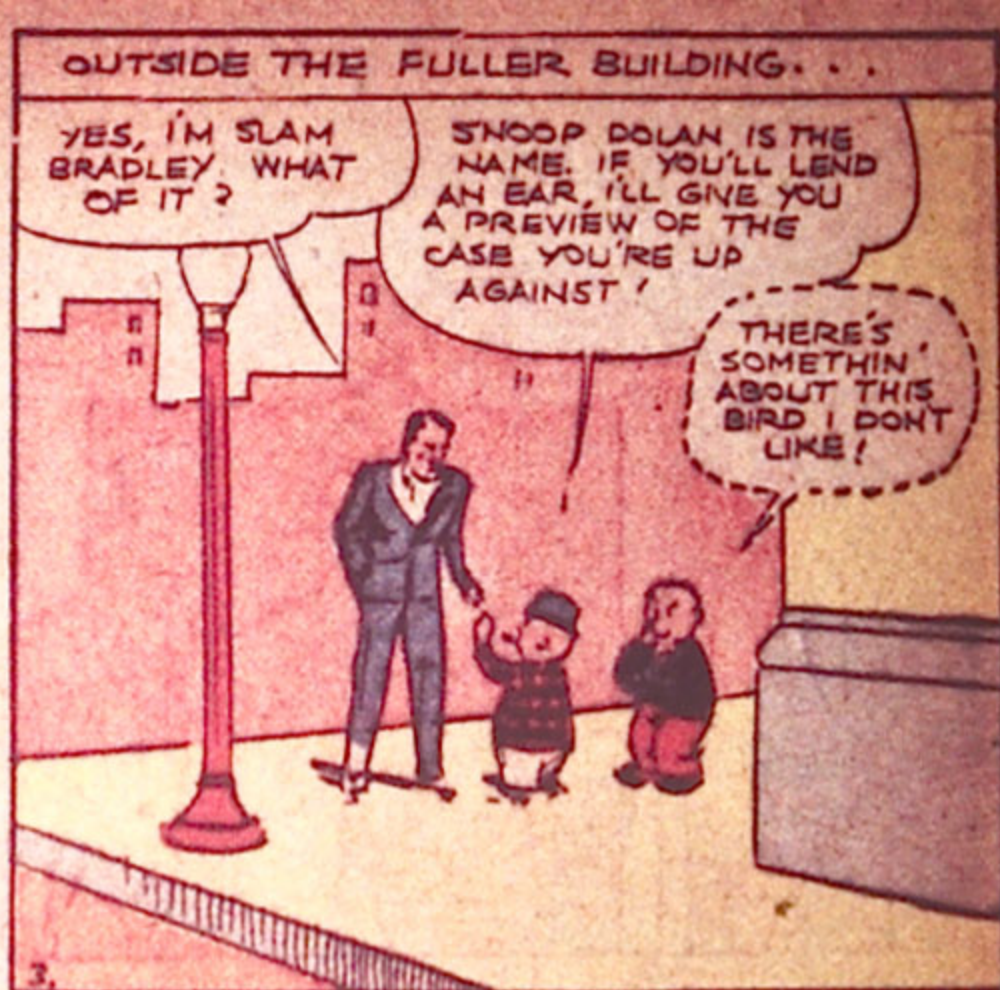
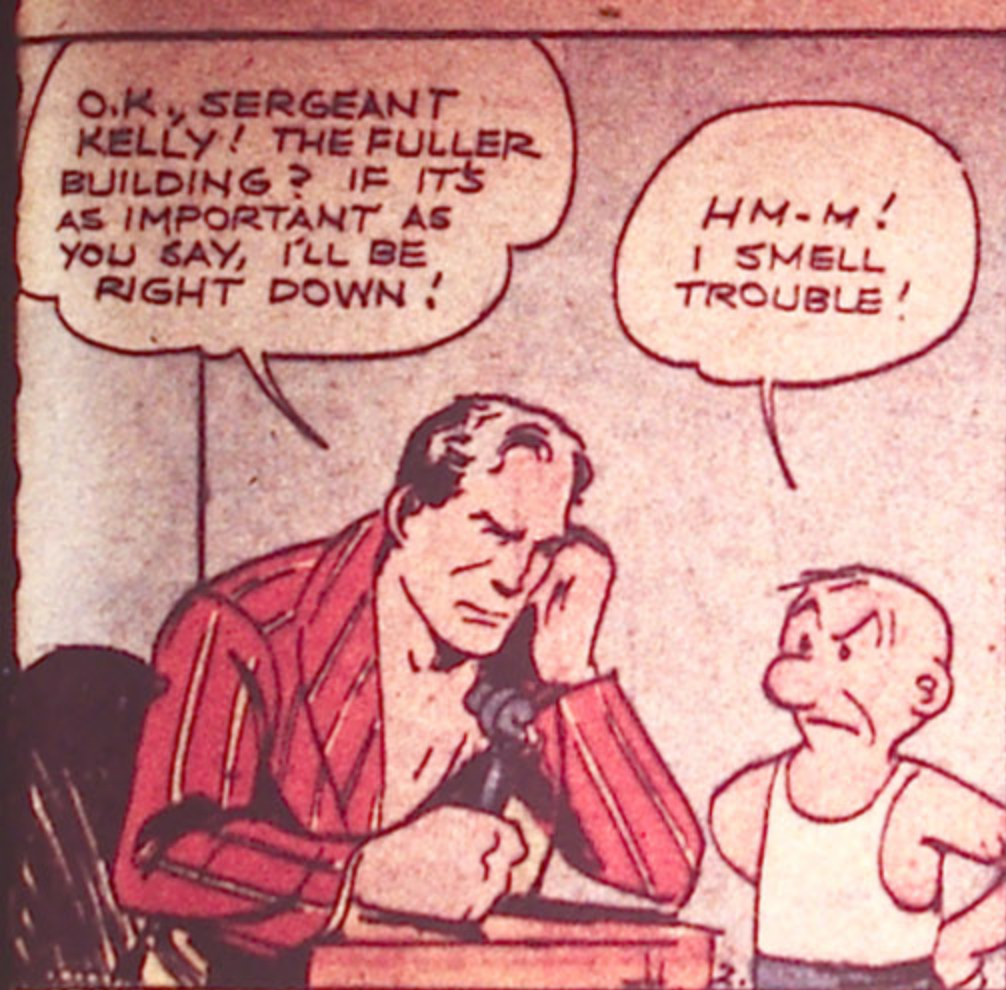
BRADLEY

HOLY SMOKE!
THAT'S TH' FIFTH
TIME YA SMACKED
THAT BAG LOOSE
THIS MORNING!

SNAP

RING
RING

IN THE GYMNASIUM OF HIS HOME, SLAM
BRADLEY, SUPER-TOUGH PRIVATE DICK,
IS TEARING THRU HIS MORNING EXER-
CISES WHEN THE TELEPHONE-RING,
WHICH IS TO HURTLE HIM INTO ONE OF HIS
MOST THRILLING CASES, SHRILLS OUT!



SLAM ENTERS AN OFFICE ON THE
14th FLOOR . . .

HELLO,
SERGEANT! NOW
TELL ME, WHAT'S
HAPPENED
HERE?

I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!
ROBBED OF
\$10,000 IN
JEWELRY!

IT'S GOT ME BEAT,
SLAM! THIS ROOM
IS COMPLETELY
BURGLAR-PROOF!
NO ONE COULD HAVE
ENTERED THRU
THE DOOR!

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO
YOU THAT SOMEONE MIGHT
HAVE SCALED THE BUILDING
AND ENTERED THRU THE
WINDOW? -- LOOK AT
THESE FINGERPRINTS
ON THE OUTER EDGE
OF THE SILL!

BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
NO ONE COULD
CLIMB THIS
BUILDING!

OH, NO? WELL,
EXCUSE ME WHILE
I ASCERTAIN FOR
MYSELF!

SLAM!
DON'T!--ARE
YOU OUT OF
YOUR MIND?

**HE'LL BE
KILLED!**

10

GRIMLY, SLAM COMMENCES THE SLOW
NERVE-SHAKING FEAT OF CAREFULLY
DESCENDING THE SIDE OF THE HUGE
EDIFICE, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE
THE STREET!

WELL, ONE THING'S
CERTAIN! IF I'M
WRONG ABOUT
THIS BEING POSSIBLE,
I'LL NEVER LIVE TO
ARGUE THE
MATTER!

WHEN SLAM REACHES THE STREET. . . II

THERE, SERGEANT!
ARE YOU
CONVINCED?

YES, . . . THAT
YOU'RE A
MADMAN!

THAT NIGHT...
A RESIDENT
OF AN APART-
MENT, NOTING A
FIGURE CLIMBING
THE ADJOINING
BUILDING,
SNATCHES
UP HIS
PHONE --



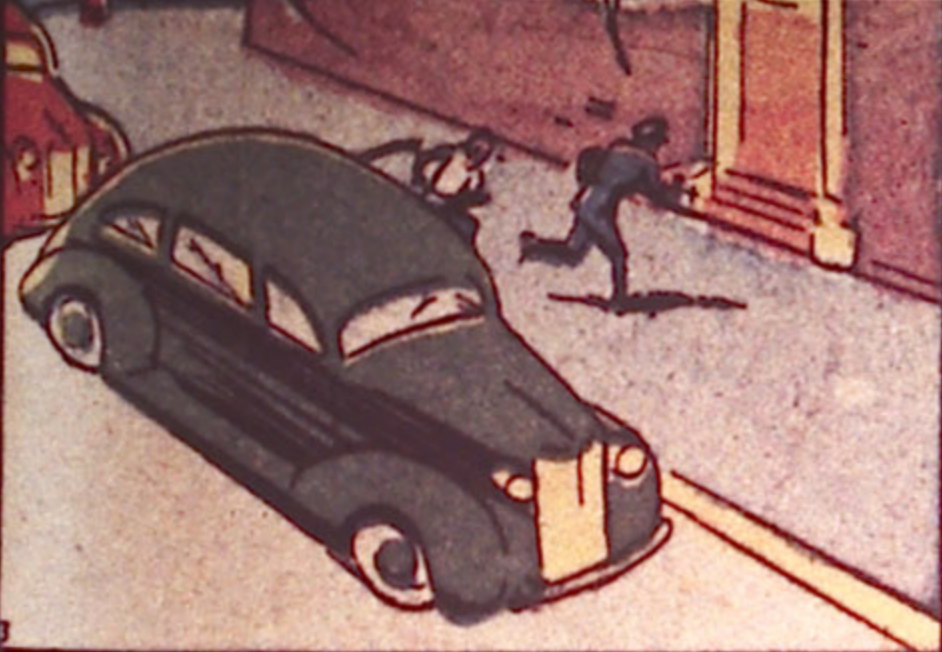
QUICK!
GET ME POLICE
HEADQUARTERS!

12

SHORTLY LATER, POLICE-CARS ARRIVE!

WHERE TO,
SERGEANT?

ROOM 2106, SLAM!
IT'S ALARM WENT
OFF!



NOTHING'S
WRONG HERE!

OH YEAH?
LOOK AT THAT
WINDOW! IT'S
OPEN!

I DON'T SEE
A THING,
DO YOU?

NO. IF THERE'S
A MAN ON THE
SIDE OF THIS
BUILDING, HE'S
INVISIBLE!



AFTER THE POLICE DEPART, A FIGURE
SLOWLY EMERGES FROM ITS CRAMPED
QUARTERS BENEATH THE ROOF'S EDGE

HA! HA! FOOLED
'EM AGAIN! THEY'LL
NEVER CATCH 'THE
HUMAN FLY!



NEXT MORNING . . .

GO AHEAD, SHORTY.
ANSWER THE
BELL!

FROM TH' WAY
IT'S RINGIN', IT
SOUNDS LIKE A
BILL-COLLECTOR!

RING
RING

OH . . .
YOU!

YES, ME! --
ONE SIDE; I'VE
GOT TO SEE SLAM
RIGHT AWAY!

TH' ONLY THING
YER GONNA SEE
IS TH' DOOR
SLAMMIN' IN
YER FACE

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!

HEY! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON
HERE?

IVE A PROPOSITION
FOR YOU, SLAM.
IF I TURN IN THE
"HUMAN FLY" WILL YOU
ACCEPT ME AS
YOUR ASSISTANT?

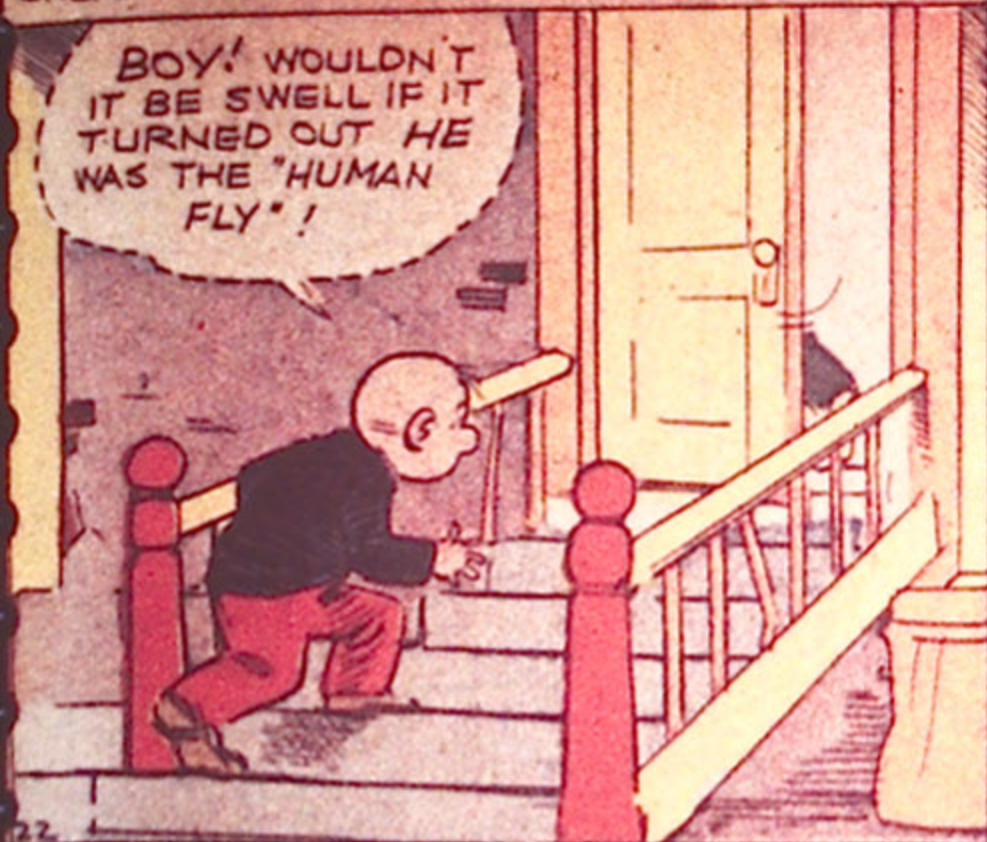
YES! . . .
PROVIDING
YOU DO!

AS SNOOD
JUBILANTLY
LEAVES SLAM'S
HOME,
HE IS TRAILED
BY THE
JEALOUS
SHORTY!

I STILL DON'T
TRUST THAT GUY
AN' HERE'S WHERE
I PROVE MY SUS-
PICIONS ARE WELL-
FOUNDED!

JOIN THE
Junior
Freedom
MEN
Club
NEW ADVENT
COMICS

SHORTY FOLLOWS HIS QUARRY INTO A CHEAP UNDER-WORLD HOTEL . . .



BOY! WOULDN'T IT BE SWELL IF IT TURNED OUT HE WAS THE "HUMAN FLY"!

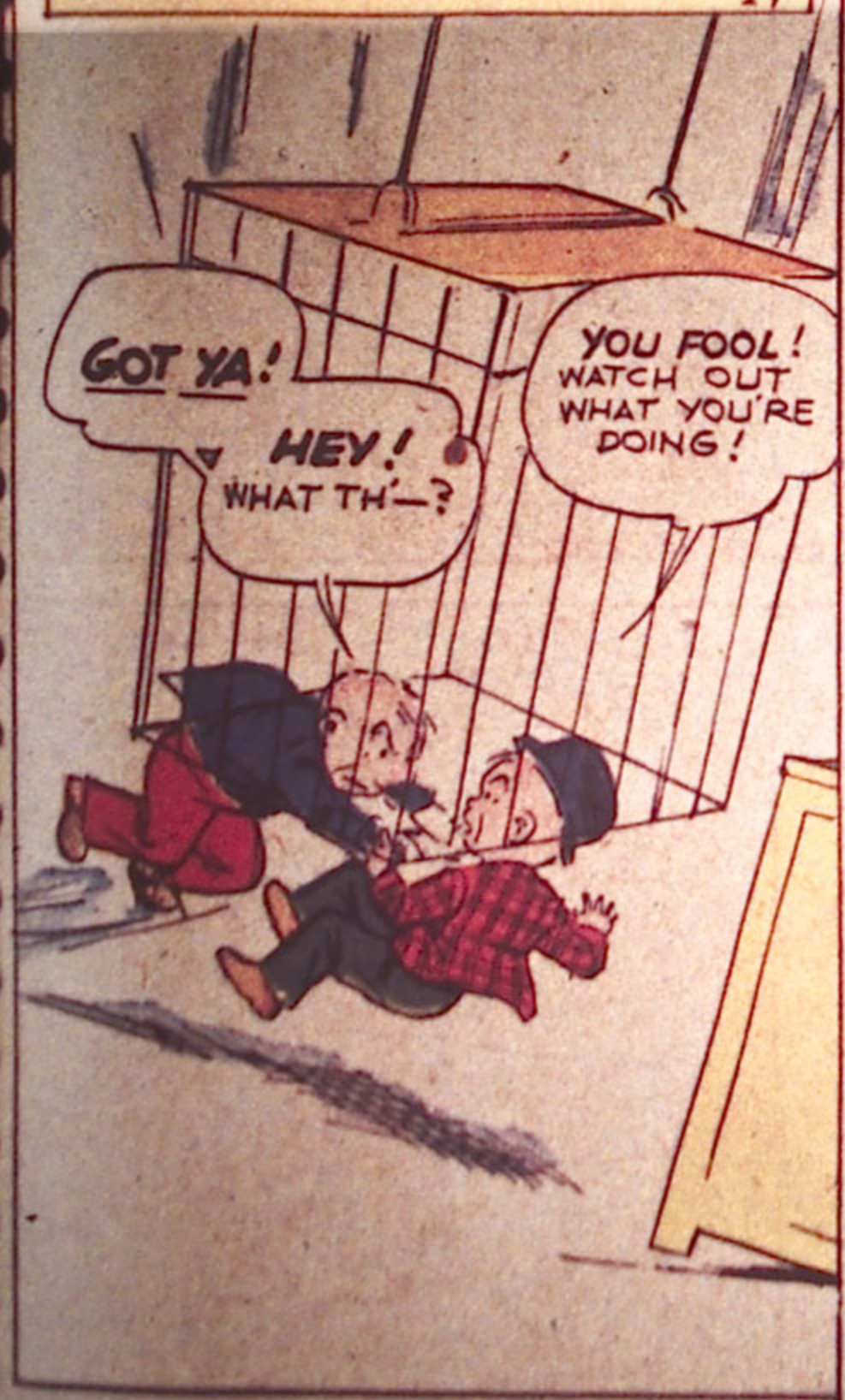
... AND SPIES UPON HIM AS SNOOP RIFLES THE CONTENTS OF A ROOM



THE STOLEN JEWELRY! -- CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED! ... NOW T'NAB 'IM!

AS SHORTY LEAPS UPON SNOOP THE TWO STUMBLE AGAINST THE DRESSER. INSTANTLY, THEIR WEIGHT RELEASES A TRICK CONTRIVANCE THAT CAUSES A CAGE TO DROP, IMPRISONING THEM BOTH!

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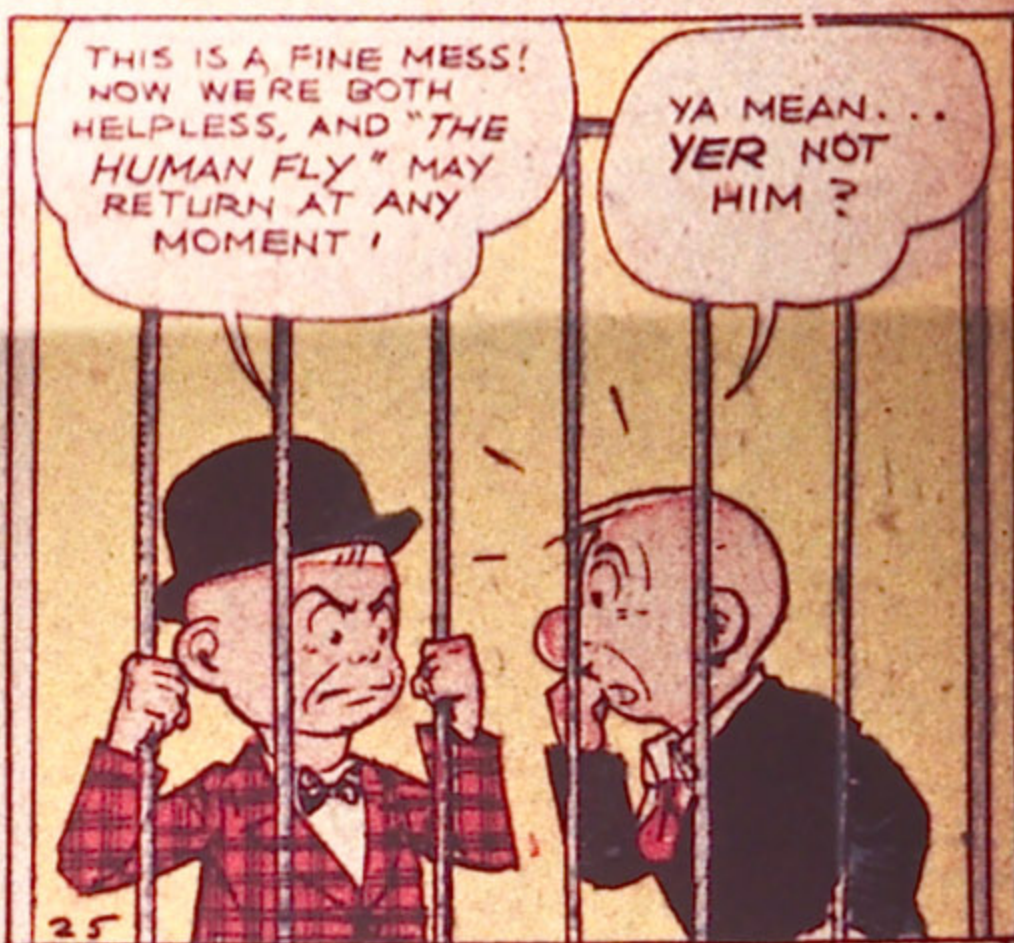
GOT YA!

HEY! WHAT TH--?

YOU FOOL! WATCH OUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

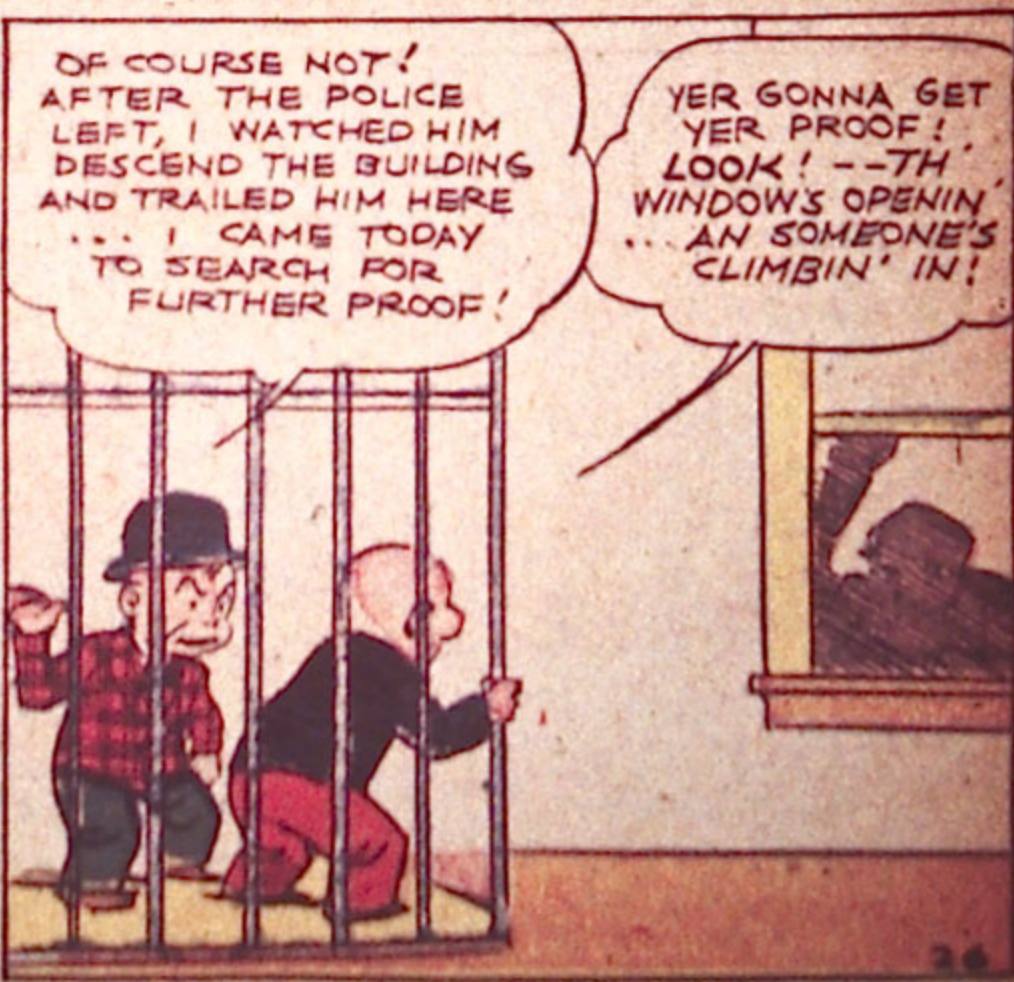
THIS IS A FINE MESS! NOW WE'RE BOTH HELPLESS, AND "THE HUMAN FLY" MAY RETURN AT ANY MOMENT!

YA MEAN... YER NOT HIM?



OF COURSE NOT! AFTER THE POLICE LEFT, I WATCHED HIM DESCEND THE BUILDING AND TRAILED HIM HERE ... I CAME TODAY TO SEARCH FOR FURTHER PROOF!

YER GONNA GET YER PROOF! LOOK! --TH' WINDOW'S OPENIN' ... AN SOMEONE'S CLIMBIN' IN!



SO YER
TH' HUMAN
FLY!

WE'VE GOT
YOU AT
LAST!

YOU MEAN,
I'VE GOT
YOU!

MAYBE WE'RE YER
PRISONER NOW BUT
IT WON'T BE FOR
LONG! -- WAIT'LL
SLAM GETS AFTER
YOU!

GET THIS THRU
YOUR THICK SKULLS!
I INTEND TO TAKE
CARE OF SLAM
BRADLEY BEFORE
HE ATTENDS
TO ME!

I'M ABOUT TO ROB THE
RAMSEY INSURANCE CO.
BUT BEFORE I DO I'M GOING
TO LEAVE BRADLEY A MEMENTO
IN THE FORM OF A BULLET
IN HIS SKULL!

AFTER THE "HUMAN FLY" DEPARTS . . .

GOSH! WE'VE
GOT TO GET FREE
AN' WARN
SLAM!

YES!
BUT HOW?

HALF AN HOUR
LATER . . .
THE "HUMAN FLY"
TAKES CAREFUL
AIM AT SLAM'S
FAVORITE EASY-
CHAIR --

AND FIRES!

AND **THAT**
FINISHES SLAM
BRADLEY!

BACK AT THE "HUMAN FLY" 'S HOTEL,
HORTY AND SNOOP HAD FINALLY
MANAGED TO GET LOOSE

HURRY!
I CAN'T HOLD
THIS UP
FOREVER!

JUST ANOTHER
MOMENT! --
THEN FER
TH' PHONE!

SLAM! SLAM!
WATCH OUT! TH'
"HUMAN FLY" IS COMIN'
TO KILL YA!

THANKS FOR THE
TIP, SHORTY! DON'T
WORRY! I'LL ATTEND
TO HIM!

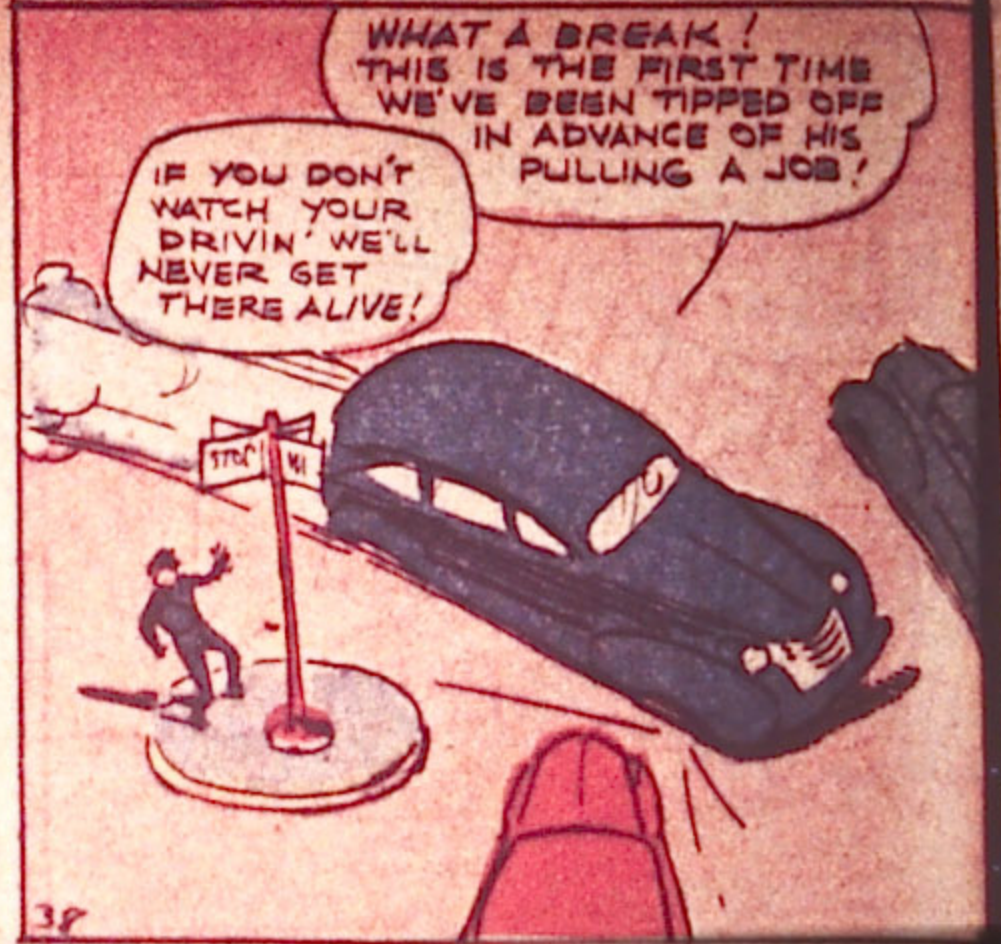
AND SO IT WAS THAT WHEN THE "HUMAN
FLY" FIRED, IT WAS ONLY AT A PRE-
ARRANGED DECOY!

BANG

NEXT INSTANT,
SLAM FLINGS
A VASE
TOWARD THE
DIRECTION
OF THE
PISTOL SHOT
AND SCORES
A HIT...
UPON SHORTY
AND SNOOP
WHO'VE JUST
REACHED THE
SCENE!

OUCH!
HEY, WHAT KINDA
GRATITUDE
IS THIS?

GOSH!
EXCUSE ME!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE "HUMAN FLY" IS NEARING THE WINDOW OF THE RAMSEY INSURANCE CO., LITTLE DREAMING SLAM, SHORTY, AND SNOOP ARE SPEEDING ACROSS THE METROPOLIS TO CIRCUMVENT HIM!



HURRIEDLY,
THE "HUMAN
FLY" STUFFS HIS
POCKETS WITH
GREENBACKS

BUT AS HE BACKS
TOWARD THE
WINDOW, THE DOOR
TO THE OFFICE
BURSTS OPEN...



GET 'IM,
SLAM!

IT LOOKS LIKE
WE GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME!

SLAM BRADLEY!
--ALIVE!

SWIFTLY, THE "HUMAN FLY" CRAWLS
THRU THE WINDOW...



HE'S GOT A CHARMED
LIFE! -- BUT I'M
SAFE FROM HIM
HERE, THANK
GOODNESS!

RECOVERING FROM HIS ASTONISH-
MENT, THE "HUMAN FLY" LAUGHS
EVILY AND TAKES DELIBERATE,
COOL AIM AT SLAM!

YOU FOOL!
YOU'RE COMPLETELY
AT MY MERCY --
AND I DON'T EVEN
KNOW THE MEANING
OF THE WORD!

TCH! TCH!
-- SUCH
IGNORANCE!

BUT GLANCING BACK, THE THIEF GETS
THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

HOLY MACKERAL!
HE'S FOLLOW-
ING ME!

BETTER
SURRENDER
NOW AND
SAVE YOURSELF
SOME GRIEF!



BANG

BANG

THE "HUMAN FLY'S" SHOTS
RICOCHET CLOSE TO SLAM
BUT SCORE NO DIRECT HIT!
IN A FURY, THE "HUMAN
FLY" THROWS HIS EMPTY
WEAPON AT BRADLEY!

CURSE YOU!
-- Y'AIN'T
HUMAN!

THE REVOLVER CLOSELY NISSES SLAM!

JUST AS I
THOUGHT / --
YOUR AIM IS
AS BAD AS YOUR
GRAMMAR!

46

MEANWHILE --

HURRY!
MAYBE WE CAN
HELP SLAM

(PUFF! --
PUFF!) AFTER
CLIMBING ALL THOSE
STAIRS TO THE ROOF
I NEED HELP!

47

JUST AS THE
"HUMAN FLY"
IS ABOUT TO
REACH THE ROOF,
AND SAFETY,
SHORTY AND
SNOOP
REACH ITS
'EDGE /


YOO-HOO!
C'MERE!

YEAH!
--LOOK WHAT
WE'VE GOT
FER YA

BLAST IT! --
CAUGHT BE-
TWEEN TWO
FIRES!

AN' HERE'S
WHERE YOU
GET SCORCHED!

48



HEY! CUT THAT
OUT! DON'T YOU
DARE KICK
SLAM LOOSE!

HE'S NOT A
"HUMAN FLY"
HE'S A "HUMAN
LOUSE!"

I WARNED
YA -- UH --
**HELP! I'M
FALLING**

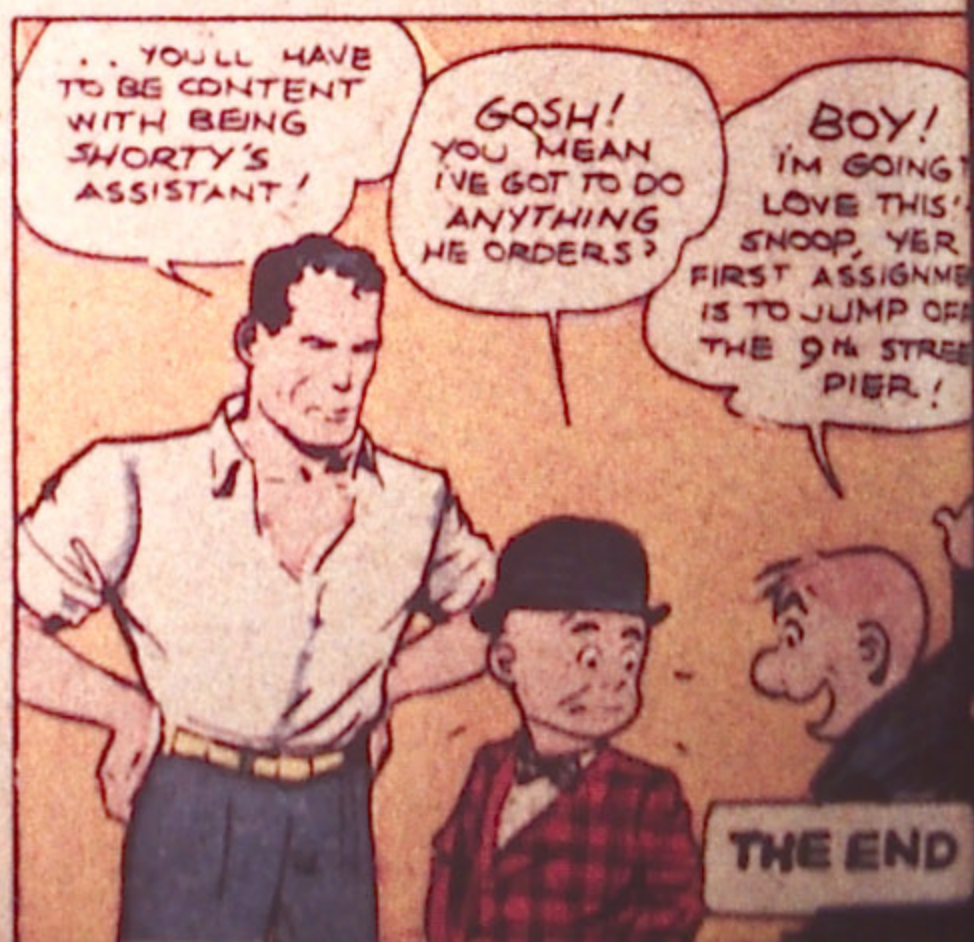
SLAM SWIFTLY REACHES OUT AND
CATCHES HIS ADVERSARY BY ONE FOOT!

HURRY AND MAKE
UP YOUR MIND! --
DO YOU SURRENDER
OR NOT? I CAN'T HOLD
YOU HERE LIKE THIS
ALL DAY!

AS SLAM NEARS HIM, THE "HUMAN
FLY" FRANTICALLY KICKS OUT! IN
HIS ATTEMPT TO DISLODGE SLAM
HE LOSES HIS OWN GRIP -- AND
COMMENCES TO FALL!

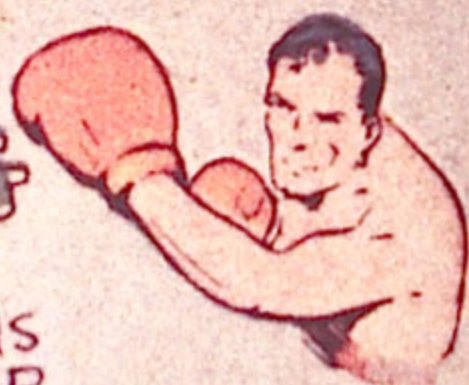
I SURRENDER!
I SURRENDER
-- DID YOU HEAR
ME? I SAID:
I SURRENDER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE "HUMAN FLY," BREATHLESS AND A COMPLETE NERVOUS WRECK, IS TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE...



PREVIEW OF NEXT ISSUE : **SLAM** BRADLEY in the RING

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